THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GOING TO CAPE MAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Farewells spoken—passage paid—
  Baggage checked—all regular—
I am seated in the shade,
  Floating down the Delaware.
The Delaware, the Delaware,
  The calm and lovely Delaware,
How sweetly smiles this summer morn
  On the placid Delaware.

From my quiet corner, I
  Scan the groups that round me sit;
Here, two lovers smile and sigh—
  There, some merry children flit.
Farther off—a pallid youth
  Cons his book with studious air;
Ah! look up—read brighter truth
  In the limpid Delaware.
The Delaware, the Delaware,
  The green-banked, smiling Delaware,
Read the lesson Nature writes
  On heaven-reflecting Delaware.

So far well—but now the scene
  Changes with the changing sky;
Winds are rising, waves look green,
  Rain-fraught clouds are driving nigh.
Mothers worry—babes grow cross—
  Rosiest faces sallow are—
As plays the boat at pitch and toss,
  On the leaping Delaware.
The Delaware, the Delaware,
  The dark and raging Delaware;
Just my luck! 'tis sure to storm
  When I go on the Delaware.

But the clouds are passing off—
  Though the winds are rather rude,
And the bay's a little rough,
  See! the West is golden-hued.
Sickness over, fears allayed,
  We can make the landing fair;
Moored the boat, the gang-plank laid—
  Thank Heaven! we're off the Delaware.
The Delaware, the Delaware,
  The rocking, tossing Delaware;
Glad are we to jump ashore,
  And leave the treacherous Delaware.

So in life—the voyage begins,
  Wave and sky look cheerily;
Soon the storm of woes and sins
  Round the bark beats wearily.
Hope is sickened, Faith grows cold,
  Trouble darkens to despair;
Look!—the rifting clouds unfold—
  The sun shines on the Delaware.
The Delaware, the Delaware,
  The gold and azured Delaware,
And Comfort beams o'er Sorrow's tide,
  Like sunshine on the Delaware.

Even for me—though Youth has fled,
  And Joys are far from numerous,
I've still a sigh to give the sad,
  A smile to greet the humorous.
Many things I find that please,
  And seated in this mellow air,
I think I might be less at ease
  Than floating down the Delaware.
The Delaware, the Delaware,
  The fair and useful Delaware;
You've given a moral to my song,
  So, thank you—River Delaware!

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By the Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Danesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c.

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CHAPTER XX.

LIZZY.

A few uncomfortable days went on; uncomfortable in one sense. Heaven knows *I* was happy enough, for the society of Mr. Chandos was not becoming, but *had become* all too dear, and in it I was basking away the golden hours as they flew. But with most of the other inmates of the house, things did not seem to be at ease. Lady Chandos was still invisible, and, by what I could gather, growing rapidly worse. Mr. Chandos looked bowed down with a weight of apprehensive care. Hill was in a state of fume and fret, and the women servants gathered in groups in odd corners, and shiveringly whispered of the ghost that nightly haunted Chandos.

What astonished me more than anything, was, that no doctor was called in to Lady Chandos. Not a day passed, but Hill was conferring upon the point with Mr. Chandos; but there appeared to be some impediment or dread attached to the calling one in—so far as I could make out from the few disconnected words that would now and then reach me. That Lady Chandos was dying—or something very near it—appeared to be a fact, and that medical aid was essential; but yet it seemed they did not dare to summon it. The surgeon came to Mr. Chandos every day; what would have been easier than for him to have gone up to see Lady Chandos? He never did, however; he never was asked to do so. Day after day he would say "How is Lady Chandos?" and Mr. Chandos's reply would be "Much the same."

"How is it they don't have a doctor to her?" Mrs. Penn said one day when she was in my bedroom.

"What's the use of asking me? I can't tell why they don't."

"That surly Hill won't answer a single question. All I can get out of her is, 'My lady's no better.' Mrs. Chandos goes into the west wing most days, but she is as close as Hill. I know what *I* think."

"What do you think?" I asked, in my curiosity.

"That Lady Chandos is mad," she replied, dropping her voice, "and that they are keeping her in seclusion to conceal it from the world."

"Mad!" I uttered.

"I mean what I say. Insane; gone out of her mind. Goodness knows she has had enough to drive her so."

The theory was one I had never glanced at, and I doubted its probability.

"Did Lady Chandos show symptoms of it in her interview with you?"

"No; I am bound to say she did not," was Mrs. Penn's answer. "She was calm and collected then."

"Then that would seem to disprove your supposition, for she was taken ill previous to it. But—allowing that it is as you suggest—they would surely call in a doctor; any medical man, if requested, would keep the secret."

"Ah, it's not altogether that, I expect," returned Mrs. Penn, in a significent tone. "You would keep it, and I would keep it, being inmates of the family; and yet you see how jealously we are excluded. I suspect the true motive is, that they dare not risk the revelations she might make.

"Revelations?" I repeated, in consternation.

"You don't know it, but there is an awful sword hanging over the Chandos family," she whispered. "It is suspended by a hair, and a chance word might cause it to fall; of that chance word the Chandoses live in dread. Lady Chandos, if she really be insane, might drop it."

"Over which of them?" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Over all; every one of them. It is that, beyond question, which keeps Sir Thomas away; if the blow has to come, he can battle with it better in exile than he could at home."

"What is its nature? Would it bring disgrace?"

"Disgrace? Ay! They lie under enough disgrace, as it is, but they would lie under greater then."

"The Chandoses appear just those high, honorable people, whom disgrace cannot approach or touch. I speak of Lady and Mr. Chandos."

"I tell you, child, that the Chandoses are disgraced for ever; banned in the eyes of the world. It killed old Sir Thomas; it must be killing Lady Chandos. Do you not observe how they shun others, and are shunned in turn? When do you ever see visitors at Chandos? On the one hand there's the disgrace; that has fallen; on the other there's this hanging sword; that has to fall. Had Lady Chandos lost her senses long ago, it would have been no wonder."

"What *is* the disgrace?—the blow?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Penn, "it is not of a nature fitted for your tears; and, were it, it would not be my place to reveal it. Wicked doings generally bring their own punishment. Harry Chandos—"

She stopped suddenly. I rejoined, all too eagerly.

"What of him? He cannot have been guilty of disgrace."

A strange smile of derision flitted over the lips of Mrs. Penn.

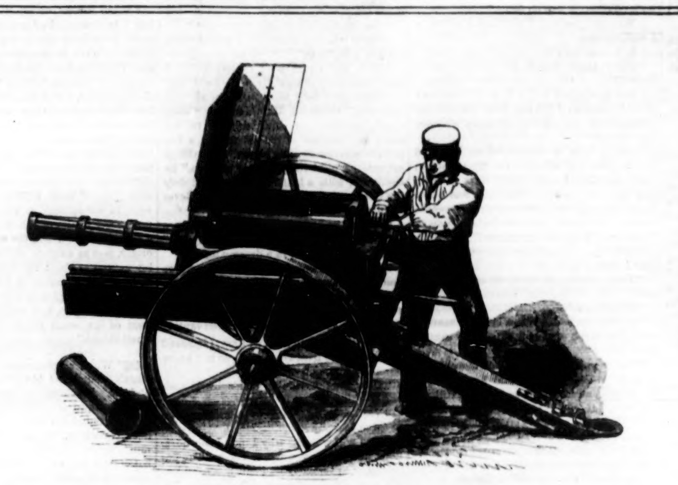
"You do not know what he has been guilty of. And, if you did?—Whether guilty or innocent, Harry Chandos can be nothing to you."

She had turned her keen, gray eyes upon me, and was searching my countenance; that, and the remarks, telling home to my conscience, dyed my face a burning red. Her own cheeks flushed as she read the signs.

"Child," she impressively said, "if you are acquiring any liking for Harry Chandos, *dis*-acquire it. Put him far from you. That he may be a pleasant man in intercourse, I grant; but he must not become *too* pleasant to you, or to any other woman. Never waste your heart on a man who cannot marry.

"Cannot *he* marry?"

"No. But I am saying more than I ought," she softly added. "One gets led on unconsciously in talking, and each word brings out another."



DE BRAME'S REVOLVING OPEN-BARREL CANNON.

[See Description on Fourth Page.]

"Your caution to me against Mr. Chandos is superfluous; our positions in life are so different that the question of marriage cannot arise between us. Believe me, I never gave it a thought."

I spoke the truth. The idea of marrying Mr. Chandos had never occurred to me in the remotest degree; had I ever suffered myself to glance at it I must have been what she called Lady Chandos—insane. The news that he could not marry—gave me pleasure, rather than the contrary, for my association with him could now be free, unrestrained by the fear of reproach that I had designs upon his favor. Nevertheless, I speculated upon what could be the preventive cause.

"Why cannot he marry?" I inquired.

"You must not ask me," replied Mrs. Penn. "And the knowledge would not give you pleasure."

She turned away as she spoke, and quitted the room, leaving me mystified in more ways than one. That day there was much conferring together with the heads of the house, Hill included, and a bed was made up for Mr. Chandos in a chamber of the west wing. I wondered why.

He retired to it early, as soon as tea was over, shaking hands with me when he said good night.

"I may not see you to-morrow," he observed.

"Why not? Are you going out?"

"I do not feel well. It is possible that to-morrow I may keep my room."

"Oh, Mr. Chandos! perhaps it is the fever!" For two or three cases of low fever had broken out in the neighborhood around.

"It is not fever," he sadly answered. "Nothing but what I have had before. Good night, and take care of yourself."

Consternation fell upon the house next morning. Mr. Harry Chandos was dangerously ill, and a physician was telegraphed for from London.

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that no one seemed able to comprehend it. Was the physician really coming to Mr. Harry, or to Lady Chandos? To Mr. Harry, it was said: but no doubt he would see Lady Chandos also. As to Hill, she bustled about like anybody demented. Various articles that were wanted for the sick rooms she caused to be carried up to the west wing door, and then took them in herself. A large table was placed outside it, and on this the servants had to deposit their burthens, for not one, save herself, was allowed to penetrate within.

He arrived in the afternoon, a Dr. Amos, the carriage having been sent to await him at the terminus, a slight-made man dressed in black, with a Roman nose, and spectacles resting on it. Hickens marshalled him to the door of the west wing, where Hill was in waiting.

He stayed a long while—or so it seemed to me, but they said he was taking refreshment as well as seeing his patient. The servants all liked Mr. Chandos, and they stood peeping in doorways, anxious for the doctor to come out. I was restless as they were, more so; and passed from my chamber to the oak parlor, and from the oak parlor to my chamber. Halting for a moment at the door of the latter, I was just in time to encounter Hill, who emerged from the west wing with a jug in her hand.

"Hill, do wait a moment and tell me! Does he find Mr. Chandos dangerously ill?"

"There's a change for the better," she answered. "Mr. Chandos will be about again to-morrow. For goodness sake, don't keep me questioning now, Miss Hereford!"

Not I. I did not care to keep her after that good news: and I ran down stairs again as light as a bird.

The carriage was waiting before the portico, and soon Dr. Amos came down to it, attended by Hickens and Hill. I put my head out at the parlor door to steal a look after him, and saw, in the same moment, Mr. Dexter approach the house. He had heard the news of Mr. Chandos's alarming illness, and had come to inquire after him. Guessing who the gentleman was, about to step into the carriage, Mr. Dexter raised his hat, and accosted him.

"I hope, sir, you have not found Mr. Harry Chandos seriously ill?"

"Very ill, indeed; very ill," replied Dr. Amos, who appeared to be a pleasant man. "I fear there are but faint hopes of him."

"Good heavens!" uttered the thunderstruck agent when he was able to speak. "But faint hopes! How awfully sudden it must have come on!"

"Sudden? Not at all. It has been coming on for some time. He may have grown worse rapidly, if you mean that."

Dr. Amos entered the carriage with the last words, and it drove away, leaving his hearers to digest them; leaving me, I know, with a mist before my eyes and pulses that had ceased to beat. Hill's sharp tones broke the silence, bearing harshly upon Mr. Dexter.

"What on earth need *you* have interfered for? Can't a doctor come and go from a place but he must be smothered with questions? If you have got anything to ask, you can ask me."

"Why, Mrs. Hill, what do you mean?" he remonstrated. "I meant no harm, and I have done no harm. But what a pitiable thing about Mr. Chandos!"

"Doctors arn't oracles always," snapped Hill. "My opinion's as good as his, and I know Mr. Chandos *will* get better: there's every chance that he'll be about to-morrow."

"I shall come up and see," said Dexter.

"Hill," I whispered, laying hold of her gown as she was flouncing past me, "you say he may be about to-morrow; but will he get well eventually?"

"That's another affair," answered Hill.

"Dr. Amos said it had been coming on a long while," I pursued, detaining her still. "What complaint is it?"

"It's just a complaint that you had better not ask about, for your curiosity can't be satisfied, Miss Hereford," was Hill's response, as she broke away.

Hickens was leaning with an arm on the hall window, apparently watching the retreating steps of Mr. Dexter. I went up to him.

"Hickens, do you know what is the matter with Mr. Chandos?"

"I don't know any more than you, miss. Mr. Chandos has had a vast deal of grief and trouble, and it may be telling upon him."

"I wish I knew. I am sure, from the doctor's words, from the tone of his voice as he spoke them, that he is most seriously ill."

"Well, I am afraid so. But we must be satisfied with what is told us, miss, and seek to know no further."

Hill's opinion, in one part, proved to be a correct one, for the next day Mr. Chandos appeared to the household. He came down about twelve o'clock, looking pale and subdued—but so he often looked—and I must say I could detect little, if any, change in him. I started from my seat in the oak parlor, as he entered it, and flew up to him in the impulse of the moment. He took both my hands.

"Glad to see me again?"

"Yes, I am glad," I whispered, calming down my excitement, and swallowing certain tears that were going to rise. "Mr. Chandos, are you so very ill?"

"Who has been telling you that I am?" he inquired, walking to an arm chair by help of my shoulder, but not releasing me when he had sat down in it.

"I heard Dr. Amos say so. He said—"

"What did he say? Why do you stop?"

I could not tell him why I stopped. I could not say that it would not be right to disclose the opinion I had heard spoken—a genuine opinion, I am confident. Mr. Chandos helped me out.

"I suppose you were within hearing when the doctor said he had but faint hopes of me?"

"Yes, I was. But, Mr. Chandos, who could have told you that Dr. Amos said it?"

"I was told," he smiled. "All are not so cautious as you, my little maid."

"But I hope it is not true. I hope you will get well."

"Would it give you any concern if I did not?"

My face flushed as I stood before him, and instead of answering, I bent it like a culprit—like a simpleton.

"The tidings were so sudden," I presently said. "You were well, to all appearance, the previous day; and then to hear you were taken ill, and might not recover, it came like a shock."

"I may cheat the doctors yet," he rejoined, cheerfully.

"Have you been ill long?"

"I have not been quite well. Anxiety of mind will sometimes have its effect upon the body."

"I suppose I must not inquire what is the matter with you? I asked Hill, and she was so angry with me."

"You will never get any information out of Hill," he said, with a queer look. "And on this point I cannot give you more than she did. But the complaint is not catching, neither is it sleep-walking," he added, looking at me with a smile.

"Indeed I am not afraid. What was the doctor's opinion of Lady Chandos?"

"She did not consult him," he answered, evidently speaking in the impulse of the moment, but a vexed expression crossed his face immediately afterwards. Not consult him! I wondered much. "You need not say so, however, in the house," he resumed. "I consider you one of ourselves."

"I will not repeat anything you tell me, Mr. Chandos. But I wish you would not caution me; I wish you would feel convinced that I will not, and trust me entirely. Is there nothing I can do for you now?"

"Yes; you may bring me my desk here, and set it on the table."

I reached his desk and placed it before him. He took his keys from his pocket, opened it, and searched its compartments, as if he were looking for something.

"This is extraordinary," he exclaimed at length.

"Have you lost anything?"

"I cannot see my memorandum-book. You must have observed me making notes in it often; a small red book, with a gilt clasp."

"To be sure I have."

"On Wednesday last, the day before I was—was—taken ill," (he seemed to hesitate strangely at these words,) "I was writing in it after luncheon. I then—let me see— I then placed it in my desk, and locked the desk, and went up stairs to my mother's rooms. Now, did I leave my keys on the table, or did I not? Can you remember?"

I could not. I did remember seeing him put the book in his desk and lock it; but what he did with the keys afterwards, I could not say. All this while he had been taking things, chiefly papers, from the desk, and putting them in again, but there were no signs of the missing book.

"It is not here; that's an indisputable fact. Now, it is quite certain that it must have been abstracted; and there's no doubt I left my keys on the table. I do leave them about sometimes. How long did you sit in the room after I left it?"

"I was in and out all the afternoon. I had my embroidery here, and I went up stairs once for a pattern, and once for some fresh cotton. There was scarcely time for any one to come in without my seeing them. Oh, and once, I recollect, I went outside to those rose trees."

"Did any one at all enter the room?"

"Hickens did."

"Oh, Hickens is nobody in an affair of this sort. He is as trustworthy as I am. Nevertheless, Mr. Chandos requested me to ring, and he ordered Hickens before him. The man seemed surprised; he evidently thought that Mr. Chandos had overlooked it in his desk.

"Inquire of the servants," said Mr. Chandos.

Hickens departed, and came back again. Not one of the servants had been in the oak parlor that afternoon, he brought word.

"That is, they say they were not," observed Mr. Chandos. "But, Hickens, my desk could not have been opened and the book abstracted without hands."

"I have no cause to think the servants are denying falsely, sir; their denial is hearty enough," returned the man. "I don't believe there's a servant in the house capable of such a thing."

"Neither did I believe there was," said Mr. Chandos; "or, you may rest assured they would not have been allowed to remain in it."

A regular commotion ensued. The house was hunted over (always excepting the two wings), and the servants were uncomfortable. As we were at tea that same evening, I and Mr. Chandos, we got into a discussion touching the wording of Madame de Mellissie's letter to me, and I ran into my room to get it. Just within the door I encountered Lizzy, darting out with such haste that she nearly knocked me down.

"What did you want in my room, Lizzy?"

She murmured some incoherent answer about "taking the housemaid's place that evening;" but if she had entered to put the chamber to rights, she had not done it, or even touched it. Her manner, moreover, was confused, and her face a fiery red.

I looked for the letter of Madame de Mellessie. I looked and looked, and could not find it. And yet I knew that I had placed and left it in a certain compartment of my smaller trunk. Had that letter also disappeared? But, as I searched, I became convinced that the box had been rummaged over, and I hastily opened my larger trunk. That also had been ransacked. Nothing taken, though; nothing at least that I could find out then.

A conviction stole over me that Lizzy had been at work. I don't know what I did not suspect of the girl—remembering her strange manner when she accused the gipsies to Mr. Chandos, seeing her concealed in my room, where she had no business whatever to be. Should I inform Mr. Chandos of my suspicions? As I quitted the room, deliberating the question, I saw a print gown, red and white, gathered close to the corridor window and knew that it was Lizzy's.

"Come hither, Lizzy. I want you."

She advanced slowly, as if she would fain have disobeyed. I retreated into the chamber with her, and closed the door.

"Lizzy, you must tell me what you were doing in my room. I insist upon it."

"I was doing no harm, miss," she replied, in a pert tone.

"Some one has been doing harm," I continued. "I find my boxes have been opened and examined."

"Boxes opened and examined!" retorted Lizzy, after a pause. "Why you don't suppose I'd do such a thing, miss, as touch people's boxes?"

"Lizzy, I tell you that some one has. And, finding you in the room, where you had no call to be, has made me wonder whether you are the curious party. The confused manner in which you rushed out was enough to create suspicion."

"I have never laid a finger upon the boxes, or on anything belonging to you, miss," passionately uttered Lizzy. "It's come to a pretty pass if I am to be suspected of that."

"Will you tell me what you were doing in here?"

"Well, then I will tell; I can't be hung for it," she resolutely said. "I came in here to look out at your window, miss, wanting to see something in the grounds, which I thought might come there."

"The ghost?" I said. And the instant the word had escaped, I could have cut my tongue out for saying it.

"So you know of it!" was Lizzy's answer. "Yes, miss, I was looking for it, for it has walked there several times lately. And I'll be upon my Bible oath, if necessary, that I never touched your boxes, or thought of such a thing as touching them."

I should have believed the words from one in whom I had confidence; I did not believe them from Lizzy, but I let her go, and said no more.

She pulled open the door with a jerk, admitting a current of air, and out went my wax taper. My eyes—I don't know why or wherefore—fell upon the grounds outside, perhaps in consequence of what the girl had avowed she was watching for. But oh! what did they rest upon? A wild cry escaped my lips, and out of the room and down stairs I flew, a victim to superstitious dread.

In the old spot, underneath the pine trees, hovering about in the obscure walk, was the double of Mr. Chandos. Or was it the ghostly spirit of Sir Thomas?

CHAPTER XXI.

THINGS MISSING.

That it was a real bona fide ghost (if so substantial term as "real" can be applied to ghostly things) hovering in its favorite walk underneath the dark pine trees, I did not doubt in that moment of superstitious terror. In the broad sunlight of open day we are wonderfully disbelieving; ready to brave and laugh at all the ghosts that ever frightened us; but in the lonely, remote corridors of an old house, in the darkness of the evening, ghosts and their belongings appear far more tangible. All I know is, that figure seemed terribly tangible to me, and I flew across the lighted hall, and burst into the oak parlor where sat Mr. Chandos.

"Have you been waiting to rewrite the letter?" he immediately began, "forgetting that your tea stood, getting cold."

I made no answer; I could not. I sank into my seat with a white face, panting and breathless.

"You look as if you had seen a ghost," he said, jestingly. "What has alarmed you?"

Now, of all stupid tricks, what should I do but burst into tears. Whether it was the recent fright, whether it might be the effect of his mocking words, or whether it was simply my own nervous excitement, into a flood of tears went I. Never in all my life had I felt so awfully scared: it was as if something supernatural were creeping over me. Mr. Chandos rose and came to me.

"What is the matter?" he gravely said, his manner changing to one of tenderness.

"I cannot find Madame de Mellissie's letter," I replied, when I could swallow down my emotion, so as to speak coherently.

"But that is not the cause of your grief, your alarm: that you have been fearfully alarmed, I can see. How you tremble! What has done this? Nay, you must tell me."

"But I do not like to tell you: it is so very foolish!" I answered, catching up a sob.

"I wish to know it; I wish it for your sake," he gently but firmly said: and there was that about Mr. Chandos, the quiet command of manner possessed by so few, which made it next to impossible to disobey him. Leaning my elbow on the arm of the chair, and sheltering my face with my hands, I told him that Lizzy's sudden opening of the door had put my light out, (not mentioning my suspicions of the girl,) and of the figure I had seen.

"And so you took it for a ghost!" he exclaimed. Well, you must be a goose. It was one of the men servants; nothing more alarming."

"The men servants never pass that way, Mr. Chandos. I have heard it so said since I came to Chandos, and I have never observed one go there."

One word led to another, and I related to him the conversation I had over-heard between the maid servants in the ironing-room. I thought he would have gone into a fit, he laughed so much, when I told him Lizzy's theory of its being his "double" that walked at night; I had never seen a man laugh so heartily.

"I don't know which is best or worst, a double or a ghost," he said. "I understood they believed it was my ghost walking, when—when—they have unhappily seen myself there at midnight; though, as I observed to you, I did not know how they reconciled the hypothesis with my being in the land of the living. But why should you have been alarmed? you cannot have adopted this ghostly theory. Being before you in real flesh and blood, you cannot fear that I have faded into the essence of spiritualism."

"Oh, Mr. Chandos, don't think me so absurd! It is not that."

"What is it, then?"

"An idea has been given to me that a ghost does walk at Chandos. Not yours."

"Whose," he returned; but the lines of his mouth fell, and he evidently *dreaded* my answer.

"May I tell you?"

"You must tell me."

"Your late father's; Sir Thomas Chandos."

He turned sharply round, strode towards the mantlepiece, leaned his elbow upon it and stood there, his back to me.

"From whom did you hear this?" he asked.

"Mrs. Penn mentioned it."

"Whence did she get it?"

"I do not know. She said that a ghost haunted Chandos; the spirit of the late Sir Thomas."

"And you believed her?"

"I do not think I did believe her. But I did see it—or something else—walking there but now; perhaps Lizzy's having said she was watching for the ghost caused me to look; caused me to be more alarmed—"

"What did you say?" interrupted Mr. Chandos. "Lizzy told you she was watching for the ghost?—*watching* for it?"

"I was not pleased—the reason is of no consequence—at Lizzy's having been in my room, and I insisted upon knowing why she went into it. She would not tell me at first; but at length she confessed that she was looking for the ghost. It was walking often now, she said, and she had gone into my chamber to watch for it."

If ever I saw a man's countenance turn to one of livid dread, Mr. Chandos did, at that moment. He seemed scarcely to know what he was about; he went to the door, hesitated at it, came back, hesitated again, and finally turned to me.

"And you profess to have seen some figure there, underneath the pine trees, immediately after Lizzy spoke?" he exclaimed.

"I did see it, indeed, Mr. Chandos. It is no profession; it was no fancy."

"Why did you look?" he uttered, almost in a wailing tone.

"It is true, then?"

"Child! these things are not for you to know?"

"But how can I help it? I did not seek the information; I did not look towards the pines deliberately. Do not be angry with me, Mr. Chandos."

"Angry!" he exclaimed, laying his hand with a gesture of affection on my shoulder; "you mistake. I wish I could have shielded you from this alarm: I wish you had never heard these reports: I wish—unless you could have been happier—that you had not come to Chandos. Where is Lizzy now?"

"She went down stairs; she was gone before I grew frightened."

"Then she did not see the—the—what you saw?"

"I think not."

He rang the bell. When Hickens answered it, he desired that Hill should be sent to him.

"Can you not contrive to look more closely after the women servants, and keep them to their occupations?" he said, when Hill appeared. "Here's Lizzy has been watching from the upper windows after what she calls a ghost."

Hill's face presented a picture of consternation. Her eyes and mouth alike stood open.

"A ghost!" she repeated, at length.

"Watching after a ghost. If the servants cannot be contented to mind their own business, they had better leave Chandos."

"Who on earth has been talking to *her*?" was Hill's muttered answer: but she looked more like one in a state of petrifaction than not, and the words seemed to indicate that the ghost was no stranger to Hill. Mr. Chandos recalled her to herself.

"Hill!" was all he said.

"I'll see about it, sir. I'll give that Lizzy a word of a sort."

"I think you had better give her no 'word' at all, in the sense you indicate," returned Mr. Chandos. "Talking about these things, worse still, scolding, only whets the curiosity. *Let the ghost die out, Hill:* only keep the women closely to their occupations at night. Gather them all together in one room, and sit with them yourself, if need be."

"You allude to the rumor of the ghost, the commotion this Lizzy seems to be stirring up; you mean let that die out, don't you, sir?" returned Hill, who had appeared somewhat puzzled by her master's words.

"Of course: what else should I mean?"

"It may be the best plan, after all, Mr. Harry," she replied, thoughtfully. "But I'll just step and look Lizzy up now."

She was leaving the room when he called her back.

"Say nothing to my mother, Hill: it would do no good, you know; only make her worse than she is. You and I must see what we can do towards settling this rumor."

"But, sir—"

"I understand what you would say," he hastily interrupted: "leave that to me."

Hill lifted her hands as she quitted the room, her gesture one of tribulation.

"If that beast of a Lizzy gets talking of this, and spreads it amidst the out-door men!" she uttered. "I always said that girl brought no good to Chandos!"

Mr. Chandos followed her from the parlor, and I heard him go out at the hall door. More than an hour elapsed, and he did not come in again. What could he be doing, he with his lame foot? He could walk a little, and manage to get up stairs, but it was with difficulty. He came in at length. I thought he looked so weary, as he threw himself into his chair.

"You have never been walking about, have you?" I asked.

"My foot would not have permitted that. I have been sitting most of the time. And you—have you been up stairs again, spirit gazing?"

I shook my head. Was he going to throw mockery and disbelief upon it, as he had at first essayed to do?

It appeared that he was inclined to throw nothing upon it just then; mockery or anything else, for he sat a long while in silence, breaking it at last abruptly.

"Did Mrs. Penn see, or profess to see, that sight to night?"

"Not that I heard, or know of. I have not seen her since dinner."

"You and she will be conversing of this again, I expect."

"The converse has hitherto been of her seeking, not mine. Why, Mr. Chandos? Should you wish me to oppose her assertion that it is the spirit of Sir Thomas that appears?" I added in a hushed tone.

"No," he sadly cried. "I cannot, unfortunately, ask you to do that."

What did that speech mean? Did it really bear the intimation that he could not in truth deny it? It seemed to do so; and again a superstitious creeping came over me. Mr. Chandos sat with his eyes shaded, when the door opened and Mrs. Penn came in. He rose and handed her a chair.

"Mrs. Chandos has gone into her ladyship's apartments for half an hour," she began as she took it; "so I embraced the opportunity of coming down the while. What is this story, Mr. Chandos, of your losing a manuscript from your desk? Emma mentioned it when she came in about her housemaid's duties this evening."

Emma, it may be remarked, *en passant*, was the housemaid to the east wing; Harriet to the chambers on the first floor generally, mine included; Lizzy to the west wing; but it would frequently be the pleasure of Lady Chandos that Lizzy did not enter her apartments for days together, only Hill.

"Not a manuscript," replied Mr. Chandos. "A memorandum-book."

"Oh, I understood her to say a manuscript," said Mrs. Penn. "How did you lose it?"

"I should like to know how. A day or two ago I locked it up safely in my desk, and it has disappeared from it."

"You must have left your keys about."

"There is little doubt of it. I am naturally careless with them."

"Were the contents of consequence? I mean were they of a strictly private nature?"

"Fortunately they were not of much consequence," answered Mr. Chandos. "They chiefly consisted of notes relative to the every day business of the estate, and a few private items concerning myself. Some things are entered in hieroglyphics of my own," he continued, with a half laugh, "and I'll defy the thief to make them out, however clever he may be."

"It is a bad practice to leave keys where they may be picked up, and perhaps used," Mrs. Penn answered, in a dreamy tone.

"So it is," assented Mr. Chandos, "where you are not sure of the people about you. But, until now, I thought I could have answered for the honesty of mine."

"Do you suspect any one of the servants?"

"Not one in particular: as I say, I believed them all to be trustworthy. I do not know whom to suspect."

"How long have the maids lived with you?"

"Various terms. Most of them some two or three years."

"You will wonder why I put these questions, and I hope you will not deem them impertinent," pursued Mrs. Penn in a confidential tone, as she drew her chair nearer Mr. Chandos. "But the truth is that I have lost something also from my workbox. Though I assure you I did not intend to speak of it, and should not have done so, but for being made acquainted with this loss of yours."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Chandos. "Was it of value?—jewelry, or anything of that kind?"

"Oh, no, not jewelry: only a piece of lace. It was underneath the tray of my work box, which for the last day or two has been standing in the library. Three yards of what we call honiton lace, about two inches wide. That it was safe yesterday, I can answer for."

"And you have missed it?"

"I missed it this morning. The first thing I saw, on lifting the tray, was the absence of the lace, for it lay there without paper. I inquired of Harriet, also of Emma and of Mrs. Chandos's maid, whether they had seen a piece of lace lying about—I did not like to say openly to them that it had been taken from my work box; it would have seemed like casting a suspicion upon them. They said they had not: and really I cannot doubt them, for they all appear to be straightforward and honest."

"Do you keep the work box locked?" asked Mr. Chandos.

"Yes—I am coming to that. I keep it locked, and the bunch of keys I have put in the left-hand small drawer of the chest-of-drawers in my bedroom: for my keys are heavy and weigh my dress-pocket down; and, as you observe, it never occurred to me that there were any but honest servants at Chandos. This morning I opened the drawer for my keys. None were there. Curious to say, they were in the other drawer, the one on the right hand: so, whoever had taken them, forgot which drawer they had lain in, and put them back into the wrong one."

"I don't like this," said Mr. Chandos, after a pause.

"It is not pleasant. It is not the loss of one thing, disappearing from a house, but we never feel safe; there's the fear that other things may go. Besides—"

"Mrs. Chandos is back in her rooms, ma'am," said Emma, entering.

"Thank you, said Mrs. Penn to the girl. "Then I must be going also," she added to Mr. Chandos, rising and pushing away her chair. He rose also.

"Take better care of your keys," he observed, "so that the pilferer, whoever it may be, shall have no chance again. As to the lace, Mrs. Chandos will make good its loss to you."

"Oh dear, no! Pray do not talk in that way," she interrupted. "I shall be sorry to have mentioned it if you do. The lace is nothing, but the hearing of your own loss determined me to tell you of this."

She left the room. I could have informed Mr. Chandos, had I chosen, that my boxes had also been visited; but I did not. As to the letter of Madame de Mellissie, he appeared to think only that I had mislaid it.

"I cannot fathom this," he presently said, after an interval of silence, "unless, indeed, there should be *two* light-fingered ladies in the house. Can you?"

"I think one who would take lace would be unlikely to take a memorandum-book."

"Precisely. Mrs. Penn's lace must have been cribbed by one of the girls; there's no doubt of that. But if the same person visited my desk, there were other articles lying there of more value than a worthless old memorandum-book. There was a gold paper-knife, there was a large gold seal with our coat-of-arms; there was some loose silver open to view, and other things, nothing of which was touched."

That his argument had sound reasoning in it, was indisputable. But which of the two thieves was Lizzy? That she was the one who had turned over my boxes, and possessed herself of the letter, her confusion betrayed. Had she taken the lace? or had she taken the memorandum-book? My doubts ran to the conviction that she had taken BOTH.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TAKE CARE OF LITTLE THINGS.

The following extract contains the substance of many sermons on the importance of little things. Mr. Irving in his "Life of Washington," says that great and good man was careful of small things, bestowing attention on the minutest affairs of his household as closely as upon the most important concerns of the Republic. The editor of the "Merchant's Magazine," in speaking of the fact, says:—"No man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being careful of small things. As the beach is composed of grains of sand, as the ocean is made of drops of water, so the millionare's is the aggregation of the profits of single adventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant, from Girard and Astor down, has been noted for his attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practised in the courts who were not remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind. The most petty details of his household expenses, the most trivial facts relative to his troops, were, in his opinion, as worthy of his attention as the tactics of a battle, the revising of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivalled orator, was as anxious about his gestures or intonations as about the texture of his argument or the grandeur of his words. Before such great examples, and in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of the small minds who can despise small things."

☞ When a gentleman goes to see another's grounds, *let him leave his own garden at home.* He should go to be instructed and entertained, to see and hear, not to criticise, and to remind his host of much better gardens elsewhere. Go in a receptive state of mind; learn and enjoy all you can; let your entertainer see that you are pleased, and when your visit is ended, thank your friend for the enjoyment he has afforded you.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

"ON TO RICHMOND."

As our readers know, we do not belong to that portion of the press and people which, not long since, made the air ring with the enthusiastic cry of "On to Richmond." As our readers also know, we consider the course of the utterers of that cry worthy of blame, because, not knowing accurately the true position of affairs, they assumed a responsibility which their want of knowledge should have prevented their assuming. Their fault was in dictating and commanding, as far as they could dictate and command, instead of merely urging and suggesting.

But there should be reason in all things; and we do not see patiently the attempt that is now making to cover all who cried "On to Richmond" with unbounded ridicule and opprobrium.

For why was it that the cry in question became so powerful? It was mainly because the country began to fear that political and not military reasons were the causes of the apparent inaction of the main portion of our army. It was feared that some compromise or other temporizing measure was hatching, and that those who had the chief direction of affairs were not thoroughly in earnest. Were the people too suspicious in believing this? They may have been, but they were not without reasons for their misgivings. No one denied that disaffected men were kept in clerkships at Washington. Only last week a number resigned upon hearing of a law recently passed by the secession legislature of Virginia, forbidding the citizens of that State to remain in the service of the United States. It was constantly averred, we judge truly, that clerks were kept in office who would not take the oath of allegiance to the Government. Now, after all that had passed, to keep men in office at Washington who were not true to the Government, and above even the taint of suspicion, was enough of itself to make the country doubt the earnestness of the administration.

But this was not the only thing. There was, and is yet, a leniency in dealing with rebel interests and property, which is almost incomprehensible to a large proportion of the Northern people, and which at this moment is the cause of considerable uneasiness. The citizens we allude to want no savagery, want no cruelty—but neither do they want any child's play. They want a dealing with the present unexampled condition of affairs according to the nation's present necessities and its great future interests—believing that a state of war, as it has made necessary immense sacrifices and new duties, has absolved us in a degree from old compacts and old duties. To them it seems that men in arms against the Government have forfeited all the privileges they formerly held of the Government—and that it is neither in the order of Nature or of Providence, for the country to go into the strife and turmoil of such a convulsion as is now upon us, and expect to emerge again at the same old place. More, they fear that if the attempt to do so be obstinately persisted in—from an undue reverence for old charters and formulas—the country will simply set itself in opposition to the inevitable laws both of Nature and Providence, and have a great amount of extra labor and extra suffering for its pains. We are out on the ocean, say they, with a storm upon us—we may either sail before the storm to the haven towards which the great winds of heaven are blowing—or we may obstinately bend all our energies to breasting the gale, and to ultimately recovering the port from which we started. But suppose that this is a storm of God's making—and that it is meant to blow us in a certain way, if it has to blow forever? It may then be that our choice is to go at once, or to go six years hence, or perhaps to go to the bottom as a people that cannot be made to heed even the sternest kind of teaching.

We have digressed from the straight line of our argument, to enable our readers to see with some degree of accuracy, the state of thought which is now taking possession of a very earnest and influential portion of our people.

They have thought, as we have said, that the Government was too lenient, that it did not appreciate the magnitude and severity of the task it had on hand—and they feared that political, and not military reasons, were at the root of the apparent inaction of the troops at Washington. Had the Government but taken the proper public or private steps to convince these men that they were mistaken, we believe the cry of "On to Richmond" could have been reduced to proportions that would not have troubled our leaders in the least.

It may further be said, that it is by no means certain, now, that the movement that was made was not exactly the right one—if it had been made with sufficient strength of artillery and men. It was striking at the very heart of the enemy—and 20,000 more troops, it may be even 10,000 more, would have done a great day's work. The movement failed, but in proper force, it would not have failed. Even as it is, we are not certain that more has not been gained than lost by it.

While we hold that a becoming modesty should be exercised by civilians in their criticism of military affairs, we do not think that anything would be gained by closing the columns of our journals to decorous criticisms upon the actions of generals and the management of campaigns. We might gain something—but we should lose more. England, and even France does not do it—the press of the former country being as free in its comments as that of our own. In fact, if editors should say nothing, military leaders themselves would be compelled to resort to the columns of the press, to correct false rumors and mistaken popular impressions; for though you might keep editors from writing, you could not the people from talking. In fact, the press generally merely follows, and by no means leads public sentiment—the editor says in his paper what hundreds are saying in the street. Therefore let not the press be induced to go from one extreme to another—but while it discourages the publication of intelligence that should be kept secret, in which respect perhaps it errs now more than in any other, and avoids all arrogance and dictation in its tone, let it comment with the best wisdom it has upon the proper management of the war, and upon the ability or want of ability manifested in our battles and campaigns.

MANASSAS AGAIN.

Another week's reading of all the accounts—both Union and Secession—which we have been able to find upon the subject of the recent battle, has somewhat modified our opinion as to the wisdom of fighting it. The more reliable and accurate Southern accounts—one of the best of which we publish in our present number—admit that the result for one hour hung trembling in the balance. The arrival—unexpected as it is averred to be—of Gen. Smith, from Winchester, with a force variously stated at from 4,000 to 10,000 men, at the very turning point of the fight, gave the Secession army the victory.

Mr. Wilkes, of New York, who was with the right wing of our army, and furnishes a very clear and interesting account of what transpired there, describes the appearance on the field of the reinforcement referred to. He said the enemy's batteries appeared to have been silenced, and our troops were resting on their arms for a breathing spell, when Gen. McDowell rode up, waving first his glove, and then his hat, and announcing a victory. Not many minutes had elapsed after the General's departure, before the rebel batteries opened again, and a new column of the enemy's troops began to defile from the wood. Mr. Wilkes said that he counted ten regiments, and still they came—his account would make their numbers nearer twelve thousand than four. The Union column on the right, exhausted with thirteen hour's hard marching and fighting, felt that they were incompetent to cope with the new comers, and commenced falling back in good order. How that retreat grew into a panic is even still a matter of doubt. Mr. Wilkes says that it all began in a misunderstanding of a movement of the artillery. He alleges that the regular artillery have a habit of dashing where they please, even if their path lies right through the ranks of the infantry. Now the artillery getting out of ammunition, their caissons were despatched to the rear to procure more, and came dashing down the road behind the retreating volunteers at the top of their horses' speed, and overthrowing everything in their way. The volunteers, being raw troops, and not understanding the movement, believed that the artillery itself was in desperate retreat,—and each man said to himself, if the regulars fly in this way, then indeed all is lost. This explanation of the origin of the panic seems a very probable one.

Leaving this matter of the panic, it would now seem to be probable, that if the Union army had been ten thousand stronger, we should have gained the victory. And if twenty thousand stronger, the probabilities are that the disheartened enemy would not have been able even to make a stand at their second line at Manassas Junction, or in fact anywhere north of Richmond.

Had General Patterson been able to detain Johnston's forces at Winchester, the battle probably would have been gained—though still we think it would have been found that the Union army was too small for the work allotted to it. The victory would scarcely have been a decisive one, owing to the want of fresh troops, and of cavalry. But Johnston, like Blucher, did bring his troops into action, while Patterson, like Grouchy, did not, perhaps could not. The regular service, to which Gen. Patterson has publicly appealed, must decide this point. It is the only competent tribunal, as the General says, to refer it to.

The secession journals say that they had not more than 50,000 men in the battle, including their reserves. They probably do not include Gen. Johnston's reinforcements in this amount. We had better act as if they had at least 100,000 in both armies, in all future operations. With proper artillery and reasonable numbers, we think it will soon be the general opinion that not only Manassas but Richmond can be taken. Judging from the singularly subdued tone of the prominent Southern papers, the secessionists are already more discouraged over their victory than we are over our defeat.

GEN. SCOTT'S PLANS.

Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, in explaining in the House of Representatives, his previous remarks relative to General Scott and the President, said he did not think that his language had been fairly construed, if it was supposed that he had said or intimated that Gen. Scott implied that the President had forced him into the movement (on Manassas).

Mr. Blair referred to a recent article in the New York *Times*, which essayed to give General Scott's plan of the campaign. Although he did not profess to having military knowledge, he could see that such a plan contained the seeds of fatal disasters to the country. It was such a plan as the rebels would desire, and he did not believe that it was Gen. Scott's plan.

We may add that since the *Times's* article, the *Albany Journal* has published an article, containing a somewhat different plan, which it also implies is Gen. Scott's.

Of course, if Messrs. Raymond and Weed have been informed as to Scott's plans, they are acting very foolishly in rushing them at once into print. We do not believe that Gen. Scott would tell any New York editor anything that he did not want published. If he wanted to deceive the enemy, he would doubtless lay his whole scheme—just as it was *not*—before a conclave of New York editors. These gentlemen, from a necessity of their business, are perfect sieves, and can no more hold secrets without letting them leak out, than they can tell the truth relative to the comparative circulations of their papers.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

We have a report that Gen. Wise was flying before Gen. Cox, who had captured a thousand muskets and several kegs of cannon powder. There appeared to be some hope of surrounding Wise. If Wise only could be caught, a large sum might be raised to carry on the war, by exhibiting him through the North. Wise himself probably would not object to it, if full liberty were given him wherever he went to make speeches. It would kill Wise if he were prevented from making a six hours' speech at least twice a week, and writing twelve column letters for recreation in the interval. When appointed General of the secession forces in Western Virginia, he commenced his operations, as the secession papers informed us, "*by making speeches at all the cross roads.*" We have no doubt that if he could once get a chance at the Union forces with one of his speeches, they would disperse in confusion. If the present contest were to be "a war of words," we do not know that the North has any champion that it could match with Wise—unless it were that Yankee down in New Orleans, who, in a similar contest, was discovered at the expiration of forty-eight hours' constant talking, kneeling by the dead body of his antagonist and whispering in his ear.

THE LOSSES AT MANASSAS.—The official statement says we lost twenty-five pieces of artillery. The rebel writers generally magnify the number nearly three times. The number of guns which were with our army was precisely forty-nine, of which we lost: From Arnold's battery, four; Rickett's battery, six; Carlisle's battery, four; Griffin's battery, five; Rhode Island battery, five; and one Parrot 32-pounder rifled gun. We also lost twenty-five provision wagons, a moderate quantity of gunpowder, and possibly 1,000 muskets. The rebels, it is reported, lost five of their generals—including a colonel, acting as such: Gen. Wheat, of Louisiana (of Fillibustering notoriety) Generals Bee and Hampton of South Carolina, Gen. Hunton of Virginia, and Col. (acting General) Bartow of Georgia. The number of killed and wounded on the rebel side seems to have been greater than ours. No general on our side was killed—though one at least of them probably might have been killed to the advantage of the service.

GENERAL WOOL has been ordered to Fort Monroe, in place of Gen. Butler, transferred to Washington.

DEATH OF MRS. BROWNING.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the greatest poetic intellect among women, has gone to take her place in the world of spirits—never by any happy accident of the future years such as we have sometimes dreamed of, to be seen by us in her mortal guise. But the rich fruit of her soul is left—the inalienable possession of those who love her. From the time of her first appearance in the world of literature, her earnest poetry has been to us a peculiarly acceptable ministry, and now that she can speak to us no more, our thoughts naturally revert to the writings which have made her seem to us so near and intimate a friend.

Her earlier poems are those we like best.—When she was shut from the world in her darkened chamber, she wrote better poetry than in later years, when health restored her to society, and the claims of love and life divided her thoughts. In darkness and stillness, more than all in suffering, the human spirit needing all things, draws close to the fullness of the Divine as a child to its mother's bosom. Nowhere in Mrs. Browning's writings is there more power of thought and clearness of utterance than in a series of sonnets that date from the time when her life was a severed stream from the outward world. One of these is worth transcribing. We might select finer poetry, but none that would so come home to those that suffer, as words of very truth. In the last lines the smitten heart lies bare till you can hear its heavy pulses beating:—

DISCONTENT.

Light human nature is too lightly tost
And ruffled without cause; complaining on—
Restless with rest—until, being overthrown,
It learneth to lie quiet. Let a frost
Or a small wasp have crept to the innermost
Of our ripe peach: or let the willful sun
Shine westward of our window, straight we run
A furlong's sigh, as if the world were lost.
But what time through the heart and through the brain
God hath transfixed us,—we, so moved before,
Attain to a calm! Ay, shouldering weights of pain,
We anchor in deep waters, safe from shore;
And hear, submissive, o'er the stormy main,
God's chartered judgments walk forevermore.

"A Drama of Exile" has some fine thoughts fitly spoken. As a whole, we do not enjoy it so much as another long poem in the same volume, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." This, we believe, is a general favorite, abounding in lines of exquisite grace and sweetness, mingled with some roughness and obscurity. But the "Conclusion" is a pure, clear stream of molten gold, all alloy dropping off perforce from the perfect fusion of passionate feeling. Perhaps the occasional halting of the first part is artistically an advantage, a foil to heighten our enjoyment of the liquid flow of matchless verse that sweeps the story on to its conclusion.

The "Rhyme of the Duchess May" is splendid poetry, stirring the soul like a trumpet blast, and its versification is a triumph of fitness. "The Cry of the Children" rings in our brain as something impossible to forget; including in its pathetic eloquence all that can be said against that great evil of the factory system in England. "Cowper's Grave," we like particularly. "The Fourfold Aspect," "The Cry of the Human," and "Loved Once," are characteristic poems, such as no one else could write. Treasure up this verse:

Say never, ye loved *once.*
God is too near above, the grave below,
And all our moments go
Too quickly past our souls for saying so!
The mysteries of life and death avenge
Affections light of range—
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—loved *once!*

Those *never* loved,
Who dream that they loved *once.*

In her latest published volume, "Sonnets from the Portuguese" are true love poems, written with heart's blood. One feature of their truthfulness, humility—self depreciation and fervent exaltation of the one beloved, touches her especial friends who think her by much the larger, clearer intellect, the more full-orbed soul of the two. It is natural, nevertheless, as we admit at once when we take the near view as well as the distant one that books give us. She was a pale suffering invalid, looking for death as her only possible release from pain. He entered her chamber, strong, beautiful, rich in that abounding fullness of life which more than all else she lacked—a dazzling vision of glorious, unattainable good; and to crown all, he loved her, with an instant, earnest, impetuous love that swept all obstacles before it; that in fact worked a miracle, the giving of his abundance to her insufficiency till she rose and walked forth a new creature. She had dreamed and written of high things—whether well or ill, who should say? her hopes of happiness were all among the angels. This Hand proffered to her lips the sweet wine of human love—this Heart flung wide its princely courts to give her a blissful home on earth. What marvel that all she was, all she had done seemed small and poor in comparison? It is, as we said, natural and right womanly that she should feel thus.

What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take, or leave withal,
In unexpected largess? Am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts, I render nothing back at all?
Not so. Not cold! but very poor instead!
Ask God, who knows! for frequent tears have run
The colors from my life, and left so dead
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head.
Go farther. Let it serve to trample on!

It is good to think of, that these two lived many happy years on earth together, apart from the world while in its midst, as this sonnet pictures:

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings break into fire
At either curved point—what bitter wrong
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long
Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher,
The angels would press on us, and aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect song
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
Rather on earth, beloved, where the unfit,
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

Mrs. Browning's poetry wins upon you more and more with many readings. This is especially true of "Aurora Leigh," which she considered her best work. So much is compressed into such brief words, that if read right on like an ordinary book, it affects you uncomfortably, as if distended with overlaboring thought. The subject, too, is the saddest and awfullest into which poet could dip her pen: this world that "lieth in wickedness"—how to mend it—how best to do God's will toward the lowest poor, who have almost lost trace of his image and superscription upon them. If treated earnestly, as she did, the subject necessarily includes much that is revolting. The muse had haunted pleasant places, such as rise up in fancy at the words of Thomas Aird:

"And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

Here, the pure torch of poetry is bravely borne down into those lowest deeps of earthly life where the black waves of hell roll up whelmingly upon human pathways. It is natural to start and recoil at such revelations. You cannot estimate the book justly without bestowing upon it somewhat of the time and thought and feeling which its author so lavishly expended upon this her maturest work. The plot looks at first view, unnatural, arbitrarily hung together; but once admit that a soul so high and so pure as that of Marian Erle *could* arise from the dregs of the people, and all the rest follows harmoniously.

ACTING GENERAL.

Mr. Wilkes, in his account of the late contest at Manassas, gives the following anecdote of one whom we infer from his parentage to be a Philadelphian. The account begins at the ordering up of the N. Y. Thirty-second, one of the reserve, to cover the retreat:—

While the Thirty-second was in this position, a youthful orderly rode up to Colonel Matheson to inform him that the Black Cavalry, sheltered from his observation by a piece of woods, were coming up on the right, and if he would take a cut with his regiment across the fields, they would be turned back upon their errand.

The evolution was performed, gave the protection that was desired, and the Black Horse relinquished its purpose in that quarter. While the regiment, however, was adhering to this position, the same youth who had imparted the previous suggestion, rode up to the regiment again, and told Matherson he had better now fall back on Centerville, as his duty, at that spot, had been thoroughly performed. As this was about the first sign of orders (with one single exception) he had received during the entire day, Matheson felt some curiosity to learn who this young lieutenant was, and whence these orders came: he therefore turned sharply on the youth, who, he now perceived, could not be more than twenty-two or three, and said, "Young man, I would like to know your name?" The youth replied that he was a son of Quartermaster-General Meigs. "By whose authority then, do you deliver me these orders?" was the Californian's next inquiry. The young man smiled, and remarked, "*Well, sir, the truth is that for the last few hours I have been giving all the orders for this division, and acting as general, too, for there is no general on the field.*" This incident is worthy of our notice among the lessons of the day.

This was the division under acting Major General (Colonel) Miles, who is accused in Col. Richardson's official report of being drunk on the field of battle. Miles is to be court-martialed. The penalty, if found guilty, is death. Young Meigs evidently is ready, when necessary, to "take the responsibility." No doubt he would have been a better general for the reserve than Miles proved himself to be.

PLANT GROWTH.

"Why do you speak of the inevitable battle of life?" said my friend. "Why should life be a struggle and a labor? "Why can we not live in obedience to the impulses of our nature, and so doing, grow like the trees and flowers, and be pronounced good by our Maker, even as they are?"

"Grow like a flower or a tree? I should think a true spiritual growth was very analogous to that. But you do not feel, do you, as if they grew without effort or action, as if their progress was something ordained and brought out for them without their own active instrumentality? I suppose they have their trials and struggles too, poor things. I have been looking at that green maple bough you are holding 'in betwixt you and the skies.' See these little crimson spots and green excrescences. Some sting or other alien vexation must have pierced the leaf—felt through every fibre of its leafy nature, doubtless. How the life forces set to work to make the best of its wounded structure. How the little ducts poured out their stores of sap, and all the parts concurred in the effort to heal, and grow, and surmount the evil. There is a break in the flowing lines where the wound was made; the veins sway and bend aside, knotted in a group, radiating again unexpectedly; but it is a full, good leaf, doing leafy service to the other members of the tree, its world."

"Yes, indeed, my little spotted leaves have struggled bravely with adverse circumstances, in their own way; but it is all done so softly, so harmoniously. All the powers blend for one purpose. Not like us, or like you say we are, in that. It has no set of impulses craving one kind of existence, and other laws of its being sternly asserting that it must do otherwise."

"Not sternly, certainly. That word does not seem to apply to this lovely perfection of greenery. But there is, no doubt, a certain thwarting of inclination in parts of its nature; a giving up of the will of some of its members for the sake of the general welfare. Every leaf and twig, I suppose, wishes to grow straight upward, but they cannot all do that; perhaps not even one is so highly blessed. But with what sweet compliance they bend and adapt themselves to each other's need. Grow they must and will, but in the way that will be most helpful and least hurtful to each other. On the tree above us we can see how when one thick, leafy bough shuts out the sunshine from the one below it, the lower neither violently thrusts the other out of its way nor sulkily refuses to thrive at all, but sways and bends till it finds its proper place, where the sunbeams best sift through to vivify and green it. And what ever-varied beauty results from this infinite accommodation and interchangeableness! A tree is the type of the perfect republic—is it not? No conflict of State and Federal rights here. What it wants is to make a tree; and from topmost twig to deepest root each part is perfectly individual, yet concurrent to form one perfectly united whole.

"Blessed is plant-life, truly! But listen, now, for I have just found an expression of what such life would be if translated into humanity, in this book upon my knee—Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House:"

—"Souls found here and there,
Oases in our waste of sin,
Where everything is good and fair,
And God remits His discipline;
And should their own life plaudits bring,
They're simply vexed at heart, that such
An easy, yea, delightful thing
Should move the hearts of men so much.
They live by law, not like the fool,
But like the Bard, who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds, but wings.
They shine like Moses in the face,
And teach our hearts, without the rod,
That God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God."

THE RAINBOW.

We have received two communications upon the subject of the reflection of the rainbow in water. One writer says that he has seen in the Pacific Ocean, during a calm, the half circle of the rainbow in the clouds, joined to its reflection in the water—making a complete circle—and a beautiful sight it was. Another says he has seen rainbows reflected in the Mississippi—and that any one living by still water can test the matter easily for himself. The raising of such a question by the "philosophers" would seem only to be another proof of what we have long known, that many individuals of very moderate abilities manage to acquire quite an extensive reputation as scientific men. The fact is that probably three-fourths of the reputed philosophers in the world, have obtained their reputations simply as the owl got his for wisdom—by keeping dark and looking wise. But men like to be humbugged, in science as in other things. The amount of solemn farce on this little, insignificant planet of ours is prodigious.

GENERAL BANKS.

If the army at Harper's Ferry is to be composed as heretofore, principally of Pennsylvanians, we think it would be decidedly more agreeable to the feelings of the people of this State, if some general of undoubted ability, who has had a military education, and seen service, were placed in command. Gen. Banks, we should think, has the material in him of which good generals are made—but we think he should be tried in a subordinate position. We do not wish to find undue fault, but after all that has passed, we cannot understand why Gen. Banks is placed in such an important post. The defeat of that army might leave defenceless for a time, the southern border of Pennsylvania, including this city.

HANDCUFFS.

The *Richmond Examiner* says:—

"It is certain that we captured 32,000 handcuffs, with which the Federals expected to manacle our prisoners!

"Davis has telegraphed to the Georgia regiments to come on."

But why the Georgia regiments particularly? Do they deserve the handcuffs more than the other secessionists?

Apart from joking, the above handcuff story shows what outrageous falsehoods the leading secession papers attempt to palm off upon their readers. These papers know well that the great bulk of the prisoners taken by the U. S. forces have been released. And large numbers have been taken—especially in Western Virginia.

A Pretty Good Test.—The Ledger, of this city, says, relative to the number of the enemy engaged at Manassas:—

Jeff. Davis, in his speech at Richmond, claims to have won the battle with 15,000 men. But a more truthful correspondent of a New Orleans paper says their force was sufficient to have kept 70,000 men from taking the place, which proves that they were twice as numerous as our army, though the conclusion drawn from the fact of their invincibility from that cause, if our force had been properly officered and led, is not justified by the incidents of the battle-field. A correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer says: "Our success resulted entirely from superior generalship, and obstinate fighting. We outflanked them at nearly every point." This further proves that they must have had an overwhelming force to accomplish this feat. South Carolina had seven regiments in the field, and in the list of wounded we find the names of members of Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, Louisiana, Alabama, and Tennessee regiments, to the number of not less than 50 regiments.

This would make 57 regiments *actually engaged*—equivalent probably to 45,000 men.—Against these we had Hunter's flanking column, 18,000, and Tyler's central column, 9,000—the other divisions can scarcely be said to have been in the action. With an equal number of men, despite the enemy's advantages of position, the Union forces would probably have won the battle.

TREATMENT OF THE WOUNDED.

While there seems to be no doubt that the secession forces treated our wounded on the field of battle with great barbarity—officer after officer testifying that he saw ambulances fired into, wounded men bayonetted, and surgeon's quarters made a mark by their artillery, the treatment of our wounded *after* the battle seems to have been reasonably humane. Dr. Sternberg, Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., who after the battle remained behind to attend to our wounded, reached Washington on Tuesday of last week. On becoming a prisoner to Beauregard, he gave his parole not to attempt an escape for four days, and with the rest of the Union surgeons and their assistants made prisoners at the same time, was permitted to devote his attentions wholly to our wounded until his escape. He says that *our wounded were treated by the disunionists in all respects as well as they treated their own,* except that in bringing them in from the field they brought their own first, and in that way all of ours were not brought in until some time on the Tuesday following the battle. H. Rockafellar, of this city, also writes home that he is "treated in the best style."

As to the behaviour of the rebels during the battle and immediately after it, read the following which we find among a number of well authenticated accounts taken by a correspondent of the *Tribune* from the lips of the officers mentioned. We may state, as to the firing of artillery, that artillery officers invariably carry telescopic glasses, and know therefore exactly what they are firing at:—

An ambulance is a spring carriage for carrying off wounded men. It is of a peculiar build and appearance, its character easily recognizable at the longest distance at which it can be seen at all, and let me say that it can no more be mistaken for any other carriage than a trotting sulky can be mistaken for a locomotive engine.

A surgeon always wears a green sash, not only in our own service, but in every army of every civilized nation. The trimmings of his uniform are green, and therein they differ from every other officer. It is no more possible to mistake a surgeon for an officer of hostilities than to mistake a drummer boy for a major-general.

When, on or near the battle field, a surgeon finds it necessary to make temporary arrangements for the care of the wounded, he selects a place as much sheltered as may be—generally in a ravine or behind a hill, and, if possible, under a tree. When the surgeon goes to work, he generally takes off his green sash, and hangs it on a prominent branch of the tree, or displays it on a musket stuck in the ground—the idea being to fly the green scarf in the manner of a flag, to show that the place is under the immediate care of a surgeon, and is to be respected accordingly. Whether the surgeon thus displays his flag or not, his position cannot be mistaken for anything else. The wounded men lying about, the cruel instruments in view, the busy doctors in their shirt-sleeves, and all the surroundings, attest the nature of the business there going on, and appeal in the name of our common human nature, to the best feelings, and the safest protection of the contending armies, both sides indiscriminately.

Surgeon Barnes, of the New York Twenty-Ninth Volunteers, was in the fight all through, and came out of it in his shirt-sleeves, having lost coat, sash, watch, and all his surgical instruments, having been charged on by the Black Horse Cavalry and compelled to leave the field, being driven from under a tree where he had established his temporary quarters, and where he was attending to the wounds of about twenty-five injured men, part of whom were secessionists.

Surgeon Barnes went up to the battle field in the rear of the attacking column, and as soon as our men began to fall, he took a position with his assistants under a tree, in a little ravine. The wounded men were brought to him, and he took off his green sash and hung it on the tree to signify that the place was under the charge of a surgeon. The injured men were brought in rapidly, and in fifteen minutes he had under his charge nearly thirty. As fast as possible he attended to their hurts, and in a short time had been compelled to perform a number of serious operations. He amputated four legs, three arms, a hand, and a foot, and attended to a number of minor injuries. By this time the enemy had discovered the place, and the nature of the business of the men in charge, and began to pour in musket balls and projectiles from a rifled cannon. The place became unsafe for the wounded men, and it was seen to be necessary to remove them. The surgeon's assistants and servant had become separated from him, and he had no one to send for ambulances, and was obliged to leave the wounded men and go himself.

It was no easy matter to procure ambulances enough, and it was probably thirty minutes before the surgeon returned with the necessary assistance. When he returned he found that every one of those wounded men had been bayoneted, or sabered, and was dead. They were literally cut to pieces.

Sum up these facts. There were thirty men, all dangerously hurt; they had all been cared for by the surgeon—they were lying on the grass in agonies of pain and thirst, with their bandaged stumps of limbs resting on the little hammocks—with their severed legs and arms scattered about—and if more could be needed to show the nature of the place, the surgeon's green sash was flying as a flag in the tree, and the surgeon's instruments were lying in sight, and yet these thirty helpless men were there and then deliberately butchered.

The surgeon gathered up his instruments and started to retire to the rear, again to resume his duties. He was discovered by the enemy, and although the boxes of instruments under his arms designated beyond dispute his rank and office, the infantry and full battery of rifled cannon played on him till he was out of their reach—he was compelled to drop his instruments and retreat as best he could.

Colonel Wood, of the Fourteenth New York Regiment (Brooklyn), being wounded, was placed in an ambulance, and was being carried off the field. The ambulance was fired at persistently by a battery of rifled cannon. A projectile from one of these guns at last took off the top of the ambulance, passed on and killed three men of the Rhode Island Battery and dismounted their gun. The fire was kept up so unremittingly, that the men in charge of the ambulance were forced to leave it. In this case also the ambulance was made a special target, and was fired at until it was probably destroyed.

Some members of the Seventy-First also found a wounded Georgian, whom they cared for, and took to one of our surgeons. After his wounds were dressed, he said, "This is more than we would have done for you." He added, "For God's sake, get out of this; you are fighting 100,000 men." This man was so impressed with the kindness of our men that he gave to one of the Seventy-First his pistol as a keepsake.

Color Sergeant Charles Kent, of the New York Fire Zouaves, says he saw the death of Captain Downey, of Company D, Fire Zouaves, a member of Thirty-Four Engine Company. He states that Downey was overpowered by a superior force; that he threw down his sword and tossed his arms over his head to show that he was unarmed, and as if begging for mercy, but that he was instantly transfixed by a score of bayonets. Downey had led his company in a gallant charge up to a battery, and the last words he is known to have said, were these to his men: "Boys, remember New York is looking at you."

Sergeant S. G. Goodwin, of Company H, Fire Zouaves, member of Engine 50, saw one of our men lying on his back near his horse; the man was severely wounded, if not already dead. One of the enemy rushed up to him, and thrice pierced him through with his bayonet.

The same man saw a rebel strike at one of our wounded men with a sabre—the blow missed the man's head, but cut off his hand. One of the Fire Zouaves, who saw the cowardly act, instantly shot the rebel dead.

A member of the New York Second says he saw one of our men struck by the fragment of a bursting shell, and knocked down. Two secessionists rode up to him, and finding that, though momentarily stunned, the man was but slightly hurt, one of them rolled the man over, and the other deliberately cut his throat with his sabre.

The two most powerful nations in Europe, France and England, are the two most merciful ones on the field of battle. Even the picking off of sentries, unless a definite object is to be attained by so doing, is considered barbarous by the military men of Europe generally. Little warfare of this kind embitters the opposing army, but does not really injure it—while savagery only provokes savagery. We trust, however, that nothing can provoke our Northern soldiery into such deviltry as either firing at ambulances or bayoneting wounded men. If any soldier of ours is seen at such work, let his comrades shoot him on the spot. We must maintain our character as the peers in civilization of the first nations of the earth, let our enemies do as they will. And we shall lose nothing by it in the end.

Amusing.—A "Yankee girl," who, in a note to us, finds fault with certain expressions used by the people of Philadelphia, twice spells the common word school, "scool." "Yankee girl" can hardly be a fair representative of her class, we think.

MY FLOWER GARDEN.

July.

The summer flowers are in their glory now. Masses of Portulaccas, Petunias, Verbenas, flame along the borders. The royal race of Lilies begin their summer reign—those lilies of the field, so gorgeously decked that "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Ranks of gay Hollyhocks stand out in bright relief from the gray walls of humble houses. You give them a second look for the sake of Wordsworth's partiality; thinking whether to class it with the idiosyncrasy that set him to rhyming of Wagoners and Idiot Boys. Their hardy cheerful look half wins you, and they are kindly dismissed as good in their place. The many-hued Iris, the blue Day-Lily, the snowy Phlox, agreeably relieve the eye from the warm, high colors of the season. The delicate green of the Clematis, overhanging cottage porches, is covered with starry blossoms. Another variety, with drooping bells of sombre purple, filled with subtle fragrance, appeals to my fancy as a symbol of maidenhood, giving somewhat, but withholding much more, and is well named Virgin's Bower.

Among the common bedding out plants, as florists call them, the Portulacca has grown upon my liking. As one who is a general observer rather than a special lover of flowers simply remarked,—"What more could you ask of a flower?" once sow the seeds broadcast on rich ground, and you need do nothing more than keep away the weeds. Year after year they come up faithfully in their place, and cover the ground with the richest flush of beauty the whole summer through. One necessity of their nature must be observed, however; without which all other care will fail. They are sun flowers more truly than those which bear the name. Not only do they rejoice in the sunshine—their very life is in it; they are nothing until its meridian rays kiss them into a glow. I like to see them basking in the mid-day heat. You go out at high noon, when all else faints and droops in the fierce glare, and there is your bed of Portulaccas, in the morning a cold green expanse, all aflame with wide open, glowing eyes, gazing, with tropical bravery, full into the face of the sun. Take a shady, breezy seat, and enjoy the sight. It is cheerful as a fire on the hearth in midwinter. Some people call this the Ice Plant—its leaves are cool and succulent, its petals of the daintiest tissue woven in Titania's loom—altogether a delicate thing, but like some finely-organized human natures, hardy and healthy under exactly the right conditions. Give it what it loves, and it thrives luxuriantly, even straying out of bounds without invitation. For a weed to do so is audacious, but when your valley lilies, cypress vines, heart's ease, or other petted darlings ramble into the walk, you bless them for being so at home.

As to weeds, the line that separates them is not definitely drawn—varies with individual taste. In the small garden of my childhood there came up one day a row of heart-shaped leaves, and I asked a playmate who had just been showing me her pride and treasure—a Scarlet Lychnis in bloom, what they were. "Pull them up! pull them up!" she exclaimed in great excitement—"They are weeds—they will spread all over your garden." And this was the Morning Glory! fairest of all the freshly opened eyes that smile upon our early hours when we walk apart in the still, dewy sunrise; always a favorite from the exquisite grace and beauty of its "airy cups of blue," new every morning; and now forevermore set apart from common things by a baptism of love and sorrow—by thoughts of a little life more beautiful and precious than weak words can tell, that shrank away from earth as her frail types before the risen sun. In the whole compass of poetry there is nothing more beautiful than that comparison, and nothing more touching than this, which I never can read but with swelling heart and blinding tears—

"We never could have thought, oh, God, that she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown, like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes, wilted, and cold, and dead."

Some of the prettiest floral scenes of modern gardening owe their charm to the recognition of a simple truth which the natural arrangement of things has been always teaching us—that a small group of brilliant well defined color upon a background of quiet green is more pleasing to the eye than the richest and costliest collection without such relief. Thus I have seen a lawn of some extent shaded by large old trees, sufficiently lighted up by half a dozen of the gayest kinds of Tulips, judiciously placed in the foreground. The effect is magical—like a burning jewel in its setting. The Tulips of course soon fade, and should then be replaced by daily blooming Roses, Carnations, Tiger Lilies, gorgeous Dahlias, gay Chrisanthemums, each in season. When the picturesque effect is the thing desired, there is no lack of material, especially in summer and autumn. One choice exotic as an Azalea or Pomegranate in bloom may be enough color to relieve the sober gray and green of your house and grounds. Too much wearies the eye.

A flower garden set apart, with gravel walks and box edgings, is not often made now. It is so liable to become unsightly with the least neglect, and especially with the parching drought of our hot summers. It is found that flowers yield more pleasure on the whole when planted thickly in oval or circular beds cut out in the grass. A good selection of showy and fragrant annuals, enriched with a mingling of those choicer plants formerly confined to the green-house, but lately treated as annuals, will keep up a perpetual bloom. The great broad leaves of some species of lilies have a fine effect. That style of foliage will help to give your little plot of ground the luxuriance and magnificence of a bed of the Tropics brought home to common life. The colors, in all their rich varieties of shading, should be tastefully disposed, forming an harmonious whole, like a huge bouquet set upon the grass.

Something still prettier is an oval bed encircled with wire-work that gives the appearance of a basket. Have this directly under the window of your parlor, sitting-room, nursery, or wherever most of your time is passed, and plant in it your selectest favorites—the red, red Rose, and the creamy, white Lilies, and Pansies, Heliotrope and Mignonette; let the deep green Ivy trail among your splendid Geraniums, the Scarlet Sage droop its superb plumes about the snowy Day Lily, the crimson and purple of the Ladies' Ear Drop, that look somehow as if cut out of precious stones, give the last exquisite touches to your floral picture. There is something peculiarly elegant about the Fuschia; its patrician air would grace the choicest company. Now let the Cypress vine, the Maurandya Barclayana and other delicate and graceful twiners overrun your basket with what luxuriance they please—is it not a picture to feast the eyes? One glance at such beauty in the midst of your work, is worth—no one knows how much. For the moment you are put en rapport with the free heart of Nature, and while the magnetism lasts, care has no chains that can bind you. If overtasked, as men and women in America generally are, it is important to secure for the needs of your spirit such gleams of perfect beauty as are available, and nothing is cheaper than flowers.

The "Ragged Robins," very fitly named, that now are lighting up our waste places with blossoms of the loveliest cerulean tint, which seem dropt from above, by accident, upon their rough mis-shapen stalks and coarse leaves, make me think of the sweet little faces sometimes seen on a door step of a dirty court—angel faces, wreathed about with bright curls, such as many a rich mother covets vainly for her darling; beauty rare and fine blossoming out from the unmitigated ugliness of squalid poverty. Truly is this web of human affairs tangled past all mortal unravelling.

☞ Five French officers have died at Corsica from the effects of a mushroom breakfast. It has now become known that a certain Dr. Gerard, ten years ago, demonstrated, by actual experiments on himself, to the Academy of Science, that all poisonous mushrooms may be made perfectly harmless by steeping them for a couple of hours in water acidulated with vinegar. The Academy, for reasons of its own, has kept back this valuable discovery.

☞ Lord Brougham, English wags say, would not die before Lord Campbell, for fear of having his life written by the author of "The Lord Chancellors." Lord Campbell replied that he would write his life whether he died or not. Lord Brougham retaliated in kind—and when Lord Campbell died, each of the lords had in his desk a manuscript life of the other.

☞ "That ice won't bear," is one of the latest quaint sayings which expresses so much and is so universally applicable to the shams and humbugs of the day. Ralph Waldo Emerson is the author.

☞ Chapman, in his book called "The American Rifles," states that all men dodge in firing—some before, and others just after the shot is fired. The latter class may learn to be marksmen, the former never. In learning to shoot with a rifle, a person should strive to acquire a steady, cool demeanor, with a true, quick eye and nimble finger.—Practice, and nothing but practice, can make a good marksman. At the same time, mere firing is not the only practice that is necessary.

THE COMET.

BY HON. GEORGE LUNT.

Yon orb of fire,—we watched its way,
Resplendent down the gleaming blue,
Since through the twilight's folding gray
The world-wide wonder flew.

Duly, in turn, each orb of light
From out the deepening concave broke;
First, eve's soft herald swam to sight,
'Till every star awoke.

The Lyre restrung its burning chords,
High flung the Cross its streaming ray,—
Then rose Altair, more sweet than words
Or music's soul could say.

They, from old time, in course the same,
Familiar set, familiar rise;
But what art thou, wild, lovely flame,
Athwart the startled skies?

Mysterious yet, as when it burst,
Through the vast void of nature hurled,
And shook their shrinking hearts at first,
The fathers of the world.

In vain the sage heaven's scroll unseals,
Vainly has baffled science striven—
We only know that there it wheels,
The miracle of heaven.

God's minister! We guess no more,
Of thee, thy frame, thy mission still,
Than he who watched thy flight of yore,
On the Chaldean hill.

Yet spirit tidings from thy blaze
Transcendent touch this earthly clod—
Not even the fool on thee could gaze,
And say—"There is no God!"

—*Boston Courier.*

THE COURTESIES OF WAR.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

On one occasion an *attache* to the army, (in the Spanish peninsula) of no defined rank, was taken, and when questioned by the enemy as to his position in the army, with reference to a more general exchange than usual, put so high a value on himself that Lord Wellington would not confirm it, and he suffered continued imprisonment in consequence.

Several private gentlemen came out to the army, during short periods of excitement, as pleasure excursionists, such as Mr. Edwin James was a short time ago with Garibaldi. One of them was made prisoner in some affair, and being questioned as to his position, as he bore no uniform, declared himself to be an amateur! The French general turned up his eyes, and said that he had heard of amateurs in painting, amateurs in music, &c., but he never heard before of an amateur in war.

The British had greatly the advantage of the French in the position of prisoners; so many of them found means of escape by connivance of the natives. The feeling of the Spanish nation was so absolute and universal against the French, and so chivalrously honorable, that there was not an instance, during the whole war, of a British soldier, officer or man, having been betrayed by them, or not obtaining every possible assistance from them; that is, when in a state of absolute dependence on their aid; for when the English army marched into a town, in all their force and glory, none could show a higher tone and bearing of independence, or a greater determination to resist oppression or insult, than the Spaniards.

In their routes through the country, if the prisoner could by any contrivance get from under the eye of his escort, and among the inhabitants, he was invariably concealed and harbored till an opportunity offered of forwarding him to the army, during which time all his wants were scrupulously attended to.

When Colonel Waters, a fine old soldier, and noted for understanding how to make the best of any circumstances, was caught during a reconnoitering excursion, the Duke of Wellington was asked whether they should send his things in for him by a flag of truce; but he said, "By no means; Waters will soon find his way out;" and in he came, sure enough, in a very few days. He was a great man for field sports, and being allowed by the French to ride his own horse, which, though not showy, was a capital jumper, in passing through a somewhat close country, he put spurs to him, cleared, in fox-hunting style, a stiff stone-wall fence, and galloped across the country, bidding adieu to his escort, who could only follow him with their eyes, an oath, and a flying pistol shot or two.

At the siege of Burgos the engineers were in very small number; so much so that the same few individuals were as much in the trenches as the necessity for refreshment would possibly admit. One, in particular, who had a more general superintendence than the others, commenced early to try and take a few liberties, by crossing the open from one part of the trenches to another, of course very charily at first, till by degrees the enemy became accustomed to him, and would allow him to do what they would not permit to others. Of course he received the compliment with respect, and did not attempt to take impertinent or obtrusive advantage of his privilege. Among his comrades the peculiarity was in joke thought to arise from a very peculiar kind of coat, down to his ankle, which he wore, being a new and outrageous fashion just arrived from England.

At the first storming of San Sebastian, which was unsuccessful, an officer, a very young man, was very forward on the breach, wounded, and taken prisoner. Among the first of the enemy who came up to him was a French grenadier, who, in admiration of his gallantry, which he had witnessed, ran up and kissed him. A day or two after the town was taken, the garrison having retired to the castle, and everything being still in confusion, one of our officers pressed on to the buildings at the foot of the steep hill, to ascertain and fix the limits occupied by the French. He walked into the open doors of a church which was backed against the hill, and so cautiously up the centre aisle, when he heard a voice from the arched ceiling calling out, "Retirez vous, retirez vous!" Looking up, he could see nothing, but became at once aware that the enemy had access to the ceiling from the hill, while they had abandoned the floor, and there were probably a musket or two directed on the floor from some holes, from whence, of course, he might have been shot but for this courteous conduct. He of course took the hint, made a bow and retired.

The Duke of Wellington rode out one day, attended by some officers and a cavalry escort, from the front of Bayonne, to reconnoitre the river Adour, when it was proposed to force a passage across it. He had to pass round a portion of the fortress at a mile or two from it, and in going through a village, a number of French soldiers, stragglers from the garrison, and unarmed, rushed out of public houses into the street in confusion. We could have swept them away into our lines, but scorned to take such a useless advantage; so, after a few polite cursory remarks and questions, we parted very good friends.

Such are specimens of amenities which may pass in war between the contending armies, and which, when kept within reasonable bounds, cannot be too much admired. They will be practiced in proportion to the state of civilization of the nations engaged, and to the length of the periods during which campaigns last. We did not find the same refined spirit in the Crimea, among the Russians. They had a large sense of irritation, and to all appearance, of individual personal rancor, even to the extent, it is confidently asserted, of bayoneting the wounded. This refers, however, more particularly to the soldiers; the officers, in general, were brave and courteous.

The French and English treat their opponents in a more chivalrous and civilized manner than other nations; and it was quite an exception to the usual French practice, when the first Napoleon suggested bringing up a dozen or more field pieces, slyly to open a volley on any assemblage of mounted officers, by which "quelque petit general" might be killed. In fact, it was in that way Moreau fell in 1812.

There is a wrong and somewhat delusive impression entertained, as to the feelings by which we should be actuated were the soil of England to be polluted by the foot of an enemy. It is frequently asserted that it should be war to the knife, and no quarter; but why with regard to England more than to the attack of any other country, is not easily to be understood. Besides the barbarity of the feeling, we must recollect the reciprocity it produces, and that will be far more severe on the inhabitants of a country who venture on such a system, than on the army who invades it; men, women and children sacrificed, the innocent as well as the guilty—houses burned, and property plundered and devastated—are all considered legitimate retribution for acts of aggression by an unorganized population.

It should be understood that the preceding remarks do not apply to an armed and organized system, under certain regulations, for the distinct purpose of an irregular and harassing warfare, such as may probably be pursued by large bodies of our volunteers; and although desultory attacks on individuals or parties, on a small and uninfluential scale, are to be deprecated, yet if important effects to the final result can be anticipated, of course such advantage would not be foregone. Nor are individuals to be allowed to reconnoitre or to perform other useful services to the enemy. This, however, can generally be prevented in the manner already pointed out, by warning off the parties concerned, and giving them at least the chance of retreat before proceeding to extremities.

The distinction, however, may be considered as clear between those cases and a state of constant annoyance and suffering, inflicted to no really good end. The slaughter of a solitary individual, merely because he forms one of the many thousands of an enemy's force, and by which no ultimate advantage can be gained, is a useless piece of barbarity. Aggressive measures should not be taken without a view to secure advantages which may hasten the final result; and if war be a necessary evil, everything should be done to mitigate that evil, so far as lies in our power. Let us fight in our country's cause with all our strength; but let us not be carried away by the bad passions engendered by warfare, to confound the murder (for it is little less) of helpless individuals, with the one object we ought to bear in view—that of using every effort to bring the war in which we may be engaged to a glorious termination.

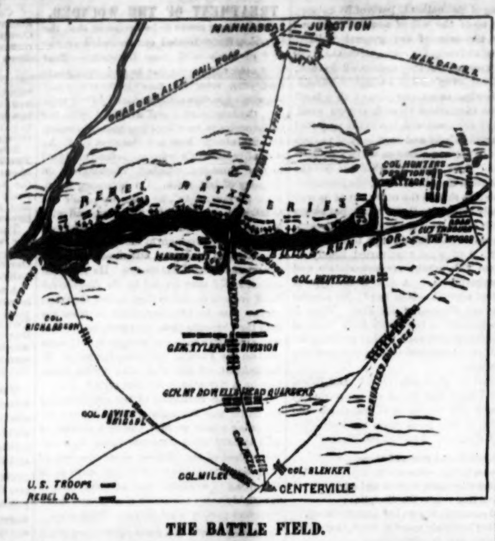
The Use of Knowledge.—Two plain and practical answers were given to one of the assistant commissioners in the recent educational inquiry, when he took opportunities of asking people whether they really thought that education was of any use to their children.

"To be sure I do," said an Irishman, with a strong brogue; "and do you think that if I could read and write I should be shoved into every dirty job as I am now? Instead of driving this horse, I'd be riding him."

On putting the same question in another quarter about girls, the reply was—

"I don't know, sir, whether you'd like to have your love-letters read or written by strangers."

Giving Them Jessie.—Major General Fremont is said to have revamped an old joke, when his family were expected home from California in the North Star. The boldness of Jeff. Davis's piratical vessels led to some apprehension here and elsewhere as to the safety of the steamer. When these fears were reaching their culminating point on Saturday morning, General Fremont was asked if he had any apprehension as to the safety of his wife: "Hostile as I am to the rebels," said the General, "I don't care about their getting 'Jessie' yet."



THE BATTLE FIELD.

We find in Harper's Weekly a map of the battle field of Bull's Run or Manassas, which we have had engraved as above. Our readers who perused the account of the battle in our last number, will be able to understand the movements more clearly by referring to this chart of the ground. On our right, the enemy's left, the brunt of the battle took place—on the Northern road. The movement on the Southern road was a mere feint—that on the centre was a serious attack, to co-operate with Col. Hunter's movement on the right. The positions and number of the batteries in the above sketch is probably not very accurate. From the best accounts there were a large number, making a triangle of batteries, stretching far to the rear, in addition to those more immediately on the creek. Hunter's flanking movement, it is probable, merely struck one side, and by no means the base of the triangle. The attack, in miscalculating both the strength of men and of the positions of the enemy was evidently a blunder on the part of those in command. As for the enemy, they were either greatly hurt, or themselves not very brilliantly commanded. Or it may be that as the result of the fight seemed to prove the general superiority of our regiments, man to man in the open field, that the rebel generals really showed their good sense by being satisfied with well enough, and not ordering a general pursuit by their whole line. So far their policy has been to risk nothing.

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

FROM HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

It is an absolute cruelty for any man who owes another, in these times, to permit money to lie idle in his hands. There are times when a single dollar may lift a mountain weight from the heart of a man who is worth thousands. A publisher narrated in our office, not long ago, an incident in reference to himself. "For a long time I had been preparing to meet a bank debt; it was a large sum to me—the only note in the world I had against me. Pay-day came, and I was not prepared. My wife and I had talked it over many times. She bravely denied herself even seasonable clothing, and arranged things in the kitchen so as to diminish the indispensable outlays to the smallest possible amount. Various persons who were owing had promised to do all in their power to help me in the emergency, for I went so far as to plainly state my case, and almost plead with them to do their best, their very best. But when the morning of the dreaded day came, the sun shone bright and beautiful, but there was no brightness nor beauty in it to me and mine. When the little children came to the breakfast table there was such an ominous silence that, without any reference being made to the all-absorbing subject, even they seemed to feel the presence of an incubus. As is too often the case in such emergencies, one reliance fails, then another, and finally what a man can't do himself must remain undone. However, there at length remained only one dollar, a single dollar literally was wanting, after gathering up every penny in the house, even entrenching on the little savings of the children. Three o'clock was rapidly approaching, and the dreaded protest. What imaginings of ruin crowded my brain, coming and going with each successive turn of events! I could have borrowed the miserable dollar from any one of a multitude of friends; but I didn't borrow money, that involves reciprocities, magnified with Lord Ross's telescope; besides, to ask a friend to lend me a dollar, to have to confess I needed a single dollar so much, I could not stand it! A neighbor had owed me a dollar for a small book: it had been due a year; he had often told me to send for it, but I did not employ collectors, and to go myself to collect a dollar was '*infra dig.*' I could not stay in the house any longer. The mind wanted relief. I went out into the street as aimlessly as any loafing saunterer that ever disgraced manhood. Would you believe it, I met the very man who owed me the immensely desired dollar, and, before he came in hailing distance, he began to feel for his pocketbook, and with apologies for his remissness, he handed the amount! And what do you think I did? Why, like many a—I don't know what—before, I made out as if it was of no sort of consequence; that any other time would have done as well—in fact, if it had never been paid, it was of no moment whatever; and no actor on the stage could have exceeded the inimitable indifference with which I put out my hand to receive the rag. But as soon as he turned the corner, didn't I clutch that paper dollar! didn't I heel it down to Wall street at 2:40, and 'better,' by a baker's dozen? Didn't I take up that note, and vow most religiously that I never would give a note in hand again the longest day I lived? Nor have I yet. But every time I think of it there is a sinking within my bosom, and an abasement of the remembrance that I was still full of poor, weak human nature, in that 'I made believe' I didn't care about that contemptible dollar." Reader, there are multitudes of similar cases taking place in New York, and other large cities and towns, every day. If every subscriber to a newspaper or magazine, would but have the honesty to remit a due subscription the instant he lays down this paper, nay, more, if every such person who has the amount in his pocket, or at home, would do this at this juncture, an amount of depression, if not of agonizing anxiety, would be removed from a large class of industrious, hard-working, indulgent and honorable publishers of newspapers, of books and of magazines, that is utterly incalculable. Not a solitary subscriber owes us a dollar; on the contrary, we owe them four more Journals of Health; but we are urging a plea for our exchanges, some of whom have stopped, others are in a deadly drag, and many more must fall into the same condemnation, some of them losing the products of the labor of a lifetime; and all this because the men whom they have done so much to amuse and instruct and gratify withhold the pittance of a dollar or two or three, which they could certainly pay, if they had but the will. Shame, a burning shame, to all such!

THEN.

BY ROSE TERRY.

I give thee treasures hour by hour,
That old-time princes asked in vain;
And pined for in their useless power,
Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light,
Aside from merit or from prayer;
Rejoicing in its own delight,
And freer than the lavish air!

I give thee prayers, like jewels strung
On golden threads of hope and fear;
And tenderer thoughts than ever hung
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea
Her thousand streams of wealth untold,
So flows my silent life to thee,
Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness?
I give from depths that overflow,
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn,
My triumph shines, more sweet than late;
When from these mortal mists withdrawn,
Thy heart shall know me—I can wait.

DON'T BITE THE CARTRIDGES.

In the authorized version of the United States infantry tactics, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, the following directions for handling the cartridges are given on page 78:

"Take the cartridge *in* (not between) the thumb and first two fingers, and place the end of it *in* the teeth. Tear the end of the cartridge down to the powder, then hold it upright," etc.

This is one of the multitudinous and unscientific movements still retained in our military tactics. A man may be young, sound in limb, strong of arm, quick of foot, keen of eye, and a first-rate shot, but if he has had the misfortune to lose his front teeth by a kick or fall, the fellow, however patriotic, cannot be admitted into Uncle Sam's army, and all because he cannot bite the cartridge with his absent teeth.

It is well known that the tearing of cartridges with the teeth in battle, soon causes an almost intolerable thirst. It is one of the least agreeable operations to a soldier to bite a cartridge, especially if it is lubricated with grease, and we are astonished that military men should still cling with such conservative leaden-headedness to the practice, when a very superior mode is known. By filing the upper edge of the handle of a fixed bayonet until it is made quite sharp, the soldier, instead of being required to bite his cartridge, can rip it open neatly and rapidly by drawing its end upon the edge of the bayonet handle. All the bayonets used in the army should be filed as suggested; the expense would not be over one cent for each, while the improvement would be of incalculable value if introduced into the army.

DE BRAME'S REVOLVING, OPEN-BARREL CANNON.

(See Engraving on First Page.)

Mr. De Brame, at a recent meeting of the Polytechnic Association of the American Institute, described his invention as follows:—

In the revolving cannon, of which this is a model, my main object was to produce entire coolness everywhere. Six chambers form the breech of the cannon; and after one has been discharged, and the cannon is revolved, it is open at both ends, so that the gases which have been in the chamber can escape by the draft or ventilation through it. At the next turn the chamber is left free to be swabbed out by the gunner, &c. There are always four chambers open to the air, so that each chamber is cooling through four successive discharges before it is reloaded. The next thing to be done is to secure ventilation of the barrel, which remains fixed. To accomplish this I have hit upon a very strange device. It occurred to me that the object of the barrel being chiefly to give direction to the shot, it was not necessary for it to be closed. I have, therefore, retained of the barrel only the bars constituting the rifling of the cannon, keeping them in place by surrounding them at proper intervals with rings. These bars, of course, will give the same direction to the shot as if the barrel were closed, while the air passes freely through, and therefore the barrel cannot get heated.

I have been told by many persons that the expansive force of the powder ought to follow the ball up to the muzzle, and if there were any holes in the barrel a portion of that expansive force would be lost. I am not much versed in the principles of artillery, but I can tell you the results of my own experience and experiments. By surrounding these bars with this tight-fitting covering, I can convert it into a closed barrel, in which the element of friction will be precisely the same. I have charged this cannon with single, double and triple charges of powder, and fired into targets made of a thousand sheets of paper, first with the closed barrel, and then with the open barrel. I have made these experiments before many scientific gentlemen, and yesterday before three members of the Polytechnic Association—Messrs. Stetson, Dibben, and C. W. Smith. I requested Mr. Dibben to prepare the charges of powder, that he might be sure that the same quantity and same kind of powder should be used in both cases. We found, as these gentlemen can testify, that *the penetration was considerably greater with the open than with the closed barrel.* This result I have found not only with this small model, but with larger pieces. I have taken two Hall's carbines, identically alike, opening the barrel of the one and leaving that of the other untouched, and have found that the projectile would come with at least as great force from that which I had opened, as from the other.

The advantage of having a barrel that cannot get heated is very considerable. The Armstrong gun will shoot very accurately for a few rounds; but the history of the Crimean, the Austrian, and lately of the Chinese war, shows that, however accurately these and the French rifled cannon may perform at first, after thirty or forty rounds the aim cannot be depended upon. The reason is obvious. If the particles of metal are ever so slightly expanded upon one side more than upon the other, it curves the barrel sufficiently to injure the accuracy of the aim. With free ventilation, this injurious effect cannot be produced.

I have added to my cannon a little device suggested to me by an article in the Scientific American six or eight weeks ago, which stated that sharp-shooters at 800 yards distance could shoot down, within sixty seconds, every horse, and disable every man of a battery. I have added, therefore, this protecting shield or screen, which ordinarily lies between the trunnions and the wheels, but when to be used by the flying artillery may be very quickly unfolded, and will be proof against the balls of the Minie rifles, protecting the gunners and the horses. Of course I should not expect so light a structure to be proof against cannon balls; but its elasticity and strength will be sufficient to protect those who are behind it from the sharpshooters. This little model is made upon a scale from the 6-pounders used in the army. Seven and a half times its size corresponds to the size of the 6-pounder. It is evident, therefore, that there will be the same amount of room for the folded shield on the 6-pounder as on the model.

The performance of this little piece has been witnessed by General Hall and all his staff, and also by Colonel Rowan, C. B., of H. B. M.'s artillery, now in this city, who was in the Crimean campaign, and is a thorough scientific man.

I omitted to mention that the principle of this cannon removes the objections to revolving cannon which have heretofore proved insurmountable. It has been found that revolving cannon could not be fired oftener than single barrels, on account of the heat, and the free ventilation will prevent that. It will be observed, too, that the weight of a revolving gun will be very materially diminished by opening the barrel in the manner I have described.

CANARIES.

In choosing a canary, recollect that the yellow or white-bodied birds are considered the handsomest. The wings, tail, and head should be yellowish dun. As relates to song, those birds are the most valuable that have not only their own notes, but some of those of the nightingale and the wood-lark.

Supposing you purchase a canary for its song, do not be entrapped into buying a female instead of a male. The females hardly sing at all. As a general rule, you may know the male bird by his being rather larger and higher in the shanks than the female. Besides all this, the male canary is of a brighter color than the female, especially round the eye.

A really well-trained male canary is not only capable of imitating the notes of other birds, but some have been known actually to pronounce words. Some years ago, talking canaries were exhibited in London.

Canaries have young four or five times a year, and they lay from three to five eggs at a time.

The birds should be paired about the middle of April, and they should then be put into a very large cage. In the cage you should have two little boxes for the birds to build in; and remember to place in the cage some fine hay, horse hair, cow's hair, and hog's bristles. All this is to form the materials for the nest.

The hen sits about thirteen days, and during this time young folks should leave her as quiet as possible, lest she forsake her eggs. There is great danger of her doing so if they are often looked at, or, still worse, touched.

When the brids are hatched, put beside the feeding trough a little jar, containing some hard boiled egg, chopped very fine, and a small piece of white bread, steeped in water, and afterwards squeezed nearly dry.

At the end of twelve days, the young birds will be fledged. On the thirteenth or fourteenth, they usually begin to pick up food for themselves. A paste, made of white bread, bruised rape seed, and a little yolk of egg and water, is excellent food for the young birds. When they have attained size and strength, they may be fed with the usual fare, which should consist of canary seed, bruised hemp seed, chickweed, lettuce, or water cresses. Never forget to furnish canaries with a daily supply of fresh water for drinking and for bathing.

Canaries must not be kept in bed-rooms, neither do they thrive in cold apartments, as they come originally from a very warm climate. Keep them in a pure air of moderate temperature, and in the summer hang the cage near the open window when the weather is fine, but do not expose them too much to the rays of the noon-day sun. They should not be exposed to extremes of heat or cold.

We had omitted to tell you that when the young birds are about six weeks old, they should be put into separate cages, and that the bottoms of these cages should be strewed either with well-dried hay or fine moss. And now one last word of advice:—Mind the cage or cages containing your canaries is put quite out of the reach of puss. She only follows her instinct in catching and killing birds, but it is your paramount duty to put your pet-birds quite out of her reach. The usual length of the canary should be about five inches, of which the tail may measure two and a quarter. The bill should be about five lines in length, strong, sharply-pointed, and inclining to white. The feet, or shanks, as they are technically called, should be eight lines long, and of flesh color.

OBEY ORDERS.

The following extract from the letter of a father to his son, a young volunteer, contains good advice, and may be of importance to volunteers generally:—

When a soldier shoulders his rifle under the flag of his country, he must surrender to that country his will, his whims, tastes, fancies and prejudices; the first, highest, and most solemn duty to his country, is the most implicit and prompt obedience to all orders of his superior officers. If an order is issued, that must be the end of inquiry. The success of a battle or campaign may depend upon the concealment of the purposes of the command, and it may become necessary to punish with death an omission to observe that which may seem to be a very unimportant order to the soldier who does not understand it.

Napoleon issued an order that the lights of the camp must be extinguished at eight o'clock, and on seeing a light burning in the tent of an officer, after that hour had elapsed, he repaired thither in person, and entered the tent just as he was writing his wife's name on the back of a letter. He told the Emperor he had unconsciously broken the law for one moment, and it was done in the enthusiasm of affection, by thoughts of home. "Unseal that letter," said the Emperor, "and write as I dictate." The officer obeyed, and wrote the following:

"P. S. I die to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, for violating the laws of camp by not extinguishing the light in my tent at the precise time I was commanded to do it."

That decision may have seemed savage and barbarous, but when you consider how much depends upon subordination and rigid adherence to the laws of camp, you will see that Napoleon could only be just to the thousands of lives under his care by assuming the appearance of cruelty to this one delinquent.

Obedience is not servility—it is duty. It is, therefore, not cowardly, but honorable. The camp is no place for the soft manners of the drawing-room, and soldiers are proverbially blunt; therefore, do not imagine if an officer speaks sharply to you he wants to insult or browbeat you.

☞ What a wretched old bachelor that must have been, who, on being asked concerning a row of hacks standing in the street, if there was a funeral, replied, with a shrug, "Worse, there's a marriage."

HUMILITY.

Oh! learn that it is only by the lowly
The paths of peace are trod;
If thou wouldst keep thy garments white and holy,
Walk humbly with thy God.

The man with earthly wisdom high uplifted
Is, in God's sight, a fool;
But he in heavenly truth most deeply gifted,
Sits lowest in Christ's school.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated
As his abiding rest;
And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited,
When kings had no such guest.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain,
Falls in the valleys free;
Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain,
But barren sand the sea.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth,
Which charms the general wood,
But in the violet low, whose sweetness telleth
Its unseen neighborhood.

The censer swung by the proud hand of merit
Fumes with a fire abhorr'd;
But faith's two mites, dropp'd covertly, inherit
A blessing from the Lord.

Round lowliness a gentle radiance hovers,
A sweet unconscious grace,
Which, even in shrinking, evermore discovers
The brightness on its face.

Where God abides, contentment is and honor;
Such guerdon meekness knows;
His peace within her, and his smile upon her,
Her saintly way she goes.

Through the strait gate of life she passes, stooping,
With sandals on her feet;
And pure-eyed graces, with link'd palms, come trooping,
Their sister fair to greet.

The angels bend their eyes upon her goings,
And guard her from annoy;
Heaven fills her quiet heart with overflowings
Of calm celestial joy.

The Saviour loves her, for she wears the vesture
With which he walk'd on earth,
And through her childlike glance, and step, and gesture,
He knows her heavenly birth.

He now beholds this seal of glory graven
On all whom he redeems,
And in his own bright city, crystal paven,
On every brow it gleams.

The white-robed saints, the throne-steps singing under,
Their state all meekly wear:
Their pauseless praise wells up from hearts which wonder
That ever they came there.

BEATRICE BOVILLE;

OR,

PRIDE VERSUS PRIDE.

BY OUIDA.

I.

OF EARLSCOURT'S FIANCEE.

"To compass her with sweet observances,
To dress her beautifully and keep her true."

That, according to Mr. Tennyson's lately-published opinion, is the devoir of that deeply-to-be-pitied individual, the married man. Possibly in the times of which the Idylls treat, Launcelot and Guenevere *might* have been the sole, exceptional mauvais sujets in the land, and woad, being the chief ingredient in the toilette-dress, mightn't come quite so expensive. But now-a-days "sweet observances," rendered, I presume, by gifts from Hunt and Roskell's and boxes in the grand tier, tell on a cheque-book so severely; "keeping her true" is such an exceedingly problematical performance, to judge by Sir C. C.'s breathless work in the Divorce Court, and "dressing her beautifully" comes so awfully expensive, and crinoline and cashmeres, pink pearls, and Mechlin, and the beau sexe's scornful repudiation, not alone of a faded silk, like poor Enid's, but of the handsomest dress going, if it's damned by being "seen twice," that I had ever vowed that, plaise a Dieu, I will never marry, and with Heaven's help will keep the vow better than I might most probably keep the matrimonial ones if I took them. Yet if ever I saw a woman for whom I could have fancied a man's committing that semi-suicidal act, that woman was Beatrice Boville. Not for her beauty, for, except one of the loveliest figures and a pair of the most glorious eyes, she did not claim much; not for her money, for she had none; not for her birth, for on one side that was somewhat obscure; but for *herself*: and had I ever tried the herculean task of dressing anybody beautifully and keeping anybody true, it should have been she, but for the fact that when I knew her first she was engaged to my cousin Earlscourt. We had none of us ever dreamt he would marry, for he had been sworn to political life so long, given over so utterly to the battle-ground of St. Stephen's and the intrigues of Downing street that the ladies of our house were sorely wrathful when they heard that he had at last fallen in love and proposed to Beatrice Boville, who, though she was Lady Mechlin's niece, was the daughter of a West Indian who had married her mother, broken her heart, spent her money, deserted her, and never been heard of since; the more wrathful as they had no help for themselves, and were obliged to be contented with distinguishing her with refreshing appellations of a "very clever schemer," evidently a "perfect intrigante," and similar epithets with which their sex is driven for consolation under such trying circumstances. It's a certain amount of relief to *us* to call a man who has cut us down in a race "a stupid owl; very little in him!" but it is mild gratification to that enjoyed by ladies when they retaliate for injury done them by that delightful bonbon of a sentence, "No doubt a most artful person!" You see it conveys so much, and proves three things in one—their own artlessness, their enemy's worthlessness, and their victim's folly. Being with Earlscourt at the time of his "singularly unwise step," as they phrased it, I knew that he wasn't trapped in any way, and that he was loved irrespectively of his social rank; but where was the good of telling that to deeply-injured and perforce silenced ladies. "They knew better;" and when a woman says that, always bow to her superior judgment, my good fellow, even when she knows better than you what you did with yourself last evening, and informs you positively you were at that odious Mrs. Vanille's opera supper, though to the best of your belief, you never stirred from the U. S. card-room: or you will be voted a Goth, and make an enemy for the rest of your natural life.

In opposition to the rest of the family, *I* thought (and you must know by this time, that I hardly think marriage so enjoyable an institution as some writers do, but perhaps a little like a pipe of opium, of which the dreams are better than the awakening)—I thought that he could hardly have done better, as far as his own happiness went, as I saw her standing by him one evening in the window of Lady Mechlin's rooms at Lemongenseidlitz, where we all were that August, a brilliant, fascinating woman already, though then but nineteen, noble-hearted, frank, impetuous, with something in the turn of her head and the proud glance of her eyes that told you you might trust her; that she was of the stuff to keep her word even to her own hindrance; that neither would she tell a lie nor brook one imputed to her; that she might err on the side of pride, on the side of meanness never; that she might have plenty of failings, but not anything petty, low, or ungenerous among them. The evening sun fell on them as they stood, on her high white forehead, with its chestnut hair turned off it as you see it in old pictures, which Earlscourt was touching caressingly with his hand as he talked to her. They seemed well suited, and yet—his fault was pride, an unassailable, unyielding pride; hers was pride too, pride in her own truth and honor, which would send you to the deuce if you ever presumed to doubt either; and I wondered idly as I looked at them whether those two prides would ever come in conflict, and if so, whether either of them would give in in such a case, whether there would be submission on one side or on both, or on either? Such metaphysical and romantic calculations are not often my line; but as they stood together the sun faded off, and a cold stormy wind blew up in its stead, which perhaps metaphorically suggested the problem to me. As one goes through life one gets up to so many sunny, balmy, cloudless days, and so often before the night is down gets wetted to the skin by a drenching shower, that one contracts an uncomfortable habit, when the sun *does* shine, of looking out for squalls, a fear that, sans doute, considerably damps the pleasures of the noon. But the fear is natural, isn't it, more's the pity, when one has been often caught?

I chanced to ask her that night what made her so fond of Earlscourt. She turned her fearless, flashing eyes half laughingly, half haughtily on me, the color brighter in her face:

"I should have thought you would rather have asked how could I, or any other woman whom he stooped to notice, fail to love him? There are few hearts and intellects so noble; he is as superior to you ball-room loungers, you butterfly flatterers, as the stars to that chandelier."

"I am much flattered," laughed I. "But that is just what I meant. Most young ladies are afraid of him; you never were?"

She laughed contemptuously.

"Afraid? You do not know much of me. It is precisely his giant intellect that first drew me to him, when I heard his speech on the Austrian question. Do you remember how the Lords listened to him so quietly that you could have heard a feather fall? I like that silence of theirs when they hear what they admire, better than I do the cheers of the other House. Afraid of him? What a ludicrous idea! Do you suppose I should be afraid of any one? It is only those who are conceited, or cowardly, who are timid. If you have nothing to assume, or to conceal, what cause have you to fear? I love, honor, reverence Lord Earlscourt, God knows; but fear him—never!"

"Nor even his anger, if you ever incurred it?" I asked her, amused with her haughty indignation.

"Certainly not. Did I merit it, I would come to him frankly and ask his pardon, and he would give it; if I did not deserve it, he would be the one to repent."

She looked far more attractive than many a handsomer woman, and infinitely more noble than a more tractable one. She was admirably fitted for Earlscourt, if he trusted and understood her; but it was just possible he might some day *mis*trust and *mis*understand her, and then there might be the mischief to pay!

II.

THE FIRST SHADOW.

Lemongenseidlitz was a charming little German watering place. Beatrice Boville and her aunt, Lady Mechlin, Earlscourt and I, had been there six weeks. His brother peers—of whom there were scores at Lemongenseidlitz—complimented Earlscourt on his fiancee.

"So you're caught at last?" said an octogenarian minister; who was as sprightly as a schoolboy. "Well, my dear fellow, you might have gone higher, without doubt, but on my honor I don't think you could have done better."

It was the universal opinion. Beatrice was not the belle of the place, because there were dozens of beautiful women, and beautiful she was not; but she was more admired than any of them, and had Earlscourt wanted voices to justify his choice, he would have had them, but he didn't; he was entirely independent of the opinions of others, and had he chosen to set his coronet on the brows of a peasant girl, would have cared little what any one thought or said. We all of us enjoyed that six weeks. Lady Mechlin lost to her heart's content at roulette, and was as complacent over her losses as any old dowager could be. Beatrice Boville shone best, as nice natures ever do, in a sunny atmosphere; and if she had any faults of impatient temper or pride, there was nothing to call them forth. Earlscourt, cold politician though he'd been, gave himself up entirely to the warmer, brighter existence which he found in his new passion; and I, not being in love with anybody, made the pleasantest love possible wherever I liked. We all of us found a couleur de rose tint in the air of little Lemongenseidlitz, and I'd quite forgotten my presentiment, when, one night at the Kursaal, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand came up on their sunny horizon, and put me in mind of it.

Earlscourt came into the ball-room rather late; he had been talking with some French ministers on some international project which he was anxious to effect, and asked Lady Mechlin where Beatrice was.

"She was with me a moment ago; she is waltzing, I dare say," said the old lady, whose soul was hankering after the ivory ball.

"Very likely," he answered, as he looked among the dancers for her. He was restless without her, though he would have liked none to see the weakness, for he was a man who felt more than he told. He could not see her, and went through the rooms till he found her, which was in a small ante-room, alone. She started as he spoke to her, and a start being a timorous and nervous thing of which Beatrice Boville was never guilty, he drew her to him anxiously.

"My darling, has anything annoyed you?"

She answered him with her habitual candor.

"Yes; but I cannot tell you what, just now."

"Cannot tell me! and why?"

"Because I cannot. I can give no other reason. It is nothing of import to you, or you are sure I should not keep it from you."

"Yes; but I am equally sure that anything that concerns you *is* of import to me. To whom should you tell anything, if not to me? I do not like concealment, Beatrice."

His tone was grave; indeed, too much like reproof to a fractious child to suit Beatrice's pride. She drew away from him.

"Nor I. You must think but meanly of me if you can impute anything like concealment to me."

"How can I do otherwise? You tell me you have been annoyed, and refuse to say how, and by whom. Is that anything but concealment? If any one has offended or insulted you, I ought to be the first you came to. A woman, Beatrice, should have nothing hidden from the man who is, or will be her husband."

She threw her arms round him. Her moods were variable as a child's. Perhaps this very variability Earlscourt hardly understood, for it was utterly opposed to his own character: you always found him the same; she would be all storm one moment, all sunshine the next.

"Do you suppose I would hide anything from you? Do you think for a moment I would hold back anything you had a right to know? You might look into my heart; there would be no thought or feeling there I should wish to keep from you. But if you exact confidence, so do I. Would you think of taking as your wife one you could not trust?"

He answered her a little sternly:

"No; if I once ceased to believe in your truth, as I believe in my own, I should part from you forever, though God knows what it would cost me!"

"God knows what it would cost *me!* But I give you free leave. The instant you find a flaw in it, I am no longer worthy of your love; withdraw it, and I will never complain. But trust me you must and will; I merit your confidence, and I exact it. Look at me, Ernest. Do you believe I could ever deceive you?"

He looked into her eyes long and earnestly.

"No. When you do your eyes will droop before mine. I trust you, Beatrice, fully, and I know you will never wrong it."

She clung to him with caressant softness, softer in her than in a meeker-spirited woman, as she whispered, "Never!" and a man would need have been obtuse and skeptical, indeed, who could then have doubted her. And so that cloud blew over, for a time, at the least—trusted, Beatrice Boville was soft and gentle as a lamb; mistrusted or misjudged, she was fiery as a young lioness, and Earlscourt, I thought, though originally won by her intellect, held her too much as a child to fully understand her character, and to see that, though she was his darling and plaything, she was also a passionate, ardent, proud-spirited woman, stung by injustice and impatient of doubt. No two people could be more fitted to make each other's happiness, yet it struck me that it was just possible they might make each other's misery very completely, through want of comprehension on the one side, through want of explanation on the other.

"Your marriage is fixed, isn't it, Earlscourt?" asked his sister, Lady Clive Edghill, who had come to Lemongenseidlitz; and though compelled by him, as he compelled all the rest of the family, to show Beatrice strict courtesy, disliked her, because she was not an advantageous match, was much too young in their opinion, and had no money—the gravest crimes a woman can have in the eyes of any man's relatives. "The 14th! Indeed! yours is a very short engagement!"

"Is there any reason why it should be longer?"

"Oh dear, no! none that I am aware of. I wish earnestly, my dear Earlscourt, I could congratulate you more warmly; but I can never say what I do not feel, and I had so much hoped—"

"My dear Helena, as long as I have so much reason to congratulate myself, it matters very little whether you do or do not," smiled Earlscourt. He was too much of a lion to be stung by gnats.

"I dare say. I sincerely trust you may ever have reason. But I heard some very disagreeable things about that Mr. Boville, Beatrice's father. Do you know that he was in a West India regiment, but was deprived of his commission even there—a perfect blackleg and sharper, I understand. I suppose she has never mentioned him to you?"

"You are very much mistaken; all that Beatrice knows of him I know; that is but little, for Lady Mechlin took her long ago, when her mother died, from such unfit guardianship. Beatrice is as open as the day—"

"Indeed! A little too frank, perhaps?"

"Too frank? That is a paradox. No one can have too much candor. It is not a virtue of your sex, but it is one, thank God! which she possesses in a rare degree, though possibly it gains her enemies where it should gain her friends."

"Still frankness *may* merge into indiscretion," said Helena, musingly.

"I doubt it. An indiscreet woman is never frank, for she has always the memory of silly things said and done which require concealment."

"I was merely thinking," Helena went on, regardless of a speech which she did not perhaps relish, for cause, "merely from my deep interest in you and my knowledge of all you will wish your wife to be, that perhaps Beatrice might be, in pure insouciance, a little too careless, a little too candid for so prominent a position as she will occupy. Last night, in passing a little ante-room in the Redoute, I saw her in such extremely earnest conversation with a man, a handsome man, about your height and age, and—"

The ante-room! Earlscourt thought, with a pang, of the start she had given when he entered it the previous night. But he was not of a jealous temperament, nor a curious one; his mind was too constantly occupied with great projects and ambitions to be capable of joining petty things together into an elaborate mosaic; he had no petitesses himself, and trifles passed unheeded. He interrupted her decidedly.

"What is there in that to build a pyramid of censure from? Doubtless it was one of her acquaintance—probably one of mine also. I should have thought you knew me better, Helena, than to attempt this gossiping nonsense with me."

"Oh! I say no more. I only thought you, of all men, would wish Cæsar's wife to be above—"

The gnat-stings had been too insignificant to rouse him before, but at this one his eyebrows contracted, and he rose.

"Silence! Never venture to make such a speech as that to me again. In insulting Beatrice you insult me. Unless you can mention her in terms of proper respect and reverence, never presume to speak her name to me again. Her enemies are my enemies, and, whoever they be, I shall treat them as such."

Helena was sorely frightened; if she held anybody in veneration it was Earlscourt, and she would never have ventured so far with him but for the causeless hate she had taken to Beatrice, simply because Lady Clive had decided long ago that her brother was too wedded to public life ever to marry, and that her son would succeed to his title. She was sorely frightened, but she comforted herself—the little thorn she had thrust in might rankle after awhile: as pleasant a consolation under failure as any one could desire.

Beatrice was coming along the corridor as Earlscourt left Helena's rooms, which were in the same hotel as Lady Mechlin's. She was stopping to look out of one of the windows at the sunset; she did not see him at first, and he watched her unobserved, and smiled at the idea of associating anything deceitful with her—smiled still more at the idea when she came up to him, with her frank, bright regard, lifting her face for a caress, and putting both her hands through his arm. Accustomed to chilled and reserved women in his own family, her abandon had a great charm for him; but perhaps it led him into his error in holding her still as half a child.

"You have been seeing my enemy?" she said, laughingly. "Your sister does not like me, does she?"

"Not like you! Why should you think so? She may not like my marrying, perhaps, because she had decided for me that I should never do so; and no woman can bear any prophecies she makes to prove wrong."

"Very possibly that may be one reason; but she does not think me good enough for you."

Her lips curved disdainfully, and Earlscourt caught a glimpse of her in her fiery mood. He laughed at her where, with her, he had better have admitted the truth. Beatrice had too much pride to be wounded by it, and far too much good sense to measure herself by money and station.

"Nonsense, Beatrice; I should have thought you too proud to suppose such a thing," he said, carelessly.

"It is the truth, nevertheless."

"More foolish she, then; but if you and I do not, what can it signify?"

"Nothing. As long as I am worthy of you in your eyes, what others think or say is nothing to me. I honor you too much to make the gauge between us a third person's opinion, or measure you or myself by a few steps higher or lower in the social ladder. Your sister thinks me below you in rank! She is right; I am quite ready to admit it; but that I am your equal in all that makes men and women equal in the sight of Heaven, I know. When she finds me unworthy of you in thought or deed, then she may call me beneath you—not till then!"

Her cheeks were flushed; he could hear her quick breathings, and in her vehemence and haughty indignation she picked the petals of her bouquet de corsage to pieces and flung them away. Another time he would have thought how well her pride became her, and given her some fond reply. Just now the thorn rankled as Lady Clive had hoped, and he answered her gravely, in the tone which it was as unwise to use to her as to prick a thorough-bred colt with both spurs:

"You are quite right. Were I a king, you would be my equal as long as your heart was mine, your mind as noble, and your character as unsullied as I hope them to be now."

She turned on him rapidly with the first indignant look she had ever given to him.

"*Hope!* You might say *know*, I think!"

"I would have said 'know,' and meant it, too, yesterday."

"Yesterday? What do you mean? Why am I less worthy your confidence to-day than yesterday?"

She looked wonderingly at him, her eyes full of inquiry and bewilderment. It was marvellous acting, if it was acting; yet he thought she could scarcely have so soon forgotten their scene in the ante-room the previous night. They had now come into the saloon; he left her side and walked to the mantelpiece, leaning his arm on it, and speaking coldly, as he had never done to her since they first met.

"Beatrice, do not attempt to act with me. You cannot have forgotten what we said in the ante-room last night. Nothing assumed ever deceives me, and you only lower yourself in my estimation."

She clenched her hands till the rings he had given her crushed together.

"Act! assume! Great Heaven, how dare you speak such words to me!"

"Dare! You speak like an angry child, Beatrice. When you are reasonable I will answer you."

The tears welled into her eyes, but she would not let them fall.

"Reasonable? Is there anything unreasonable in resenting words utterly undeserved? Would you be calm under them yourself, Lord Earlscourt? I remember now what you mean by yesterday; I did not remember when I asked you. Had I done so, I should never have simulated ignorance and surprise. Only last night you promised to trust me. Is this your trust, to accuse me of artifice, of acting, of falsehood? I would bear no such imputation from any one, still *less from you*, who ought to know me so well. What happiness can we have if you—"

She stopped, the tears choking her voice, but he did not see them; he only saw her indignant attitude, her flushed cheeks, her flashing eyes, and put them down to girlish passion.

"Calm yourself, Beatrice, I beg. This sort of scene is very distasteful to me; to figure in a lovers' quarrel hardly suits me. I am not young enough to find amusement in disputation and reconciliation, sparring one moment and caresses the next. My life is one of grave pursuits and feverish ambitions; I am often harassed, annoyed, worn out in body and mind. What I hoped for from you was, to borrow the gaiety and brightness of your own youth, to find rest, and happiness, and distraction. A life of disputes, reproaches, and misconstruction, would be what I would never endure."

Beatrice was silent; she leant her forehead on her arms and did not answer him. His tone stung her pride, but his words touched her heart. Her passion was always short-lived, and no evil spirit possessed her long. She rebelled against the first part of his speech with all her might, but she softened to the last. She came up to him with her hands out.

"I had no right to speak so impatiently to you. God knows, to make your life happy will be my only thought, and care, and wish. If I spoke angrily, forgive me!"

Earlscourt knew that the nature so quick to acknowledge error was worth fifty unerring and unruffled ones, still he sighed as he answered her,

"My dear child, I forgive you. But, Beatrice, there is no foe to love so sure and deadly as dissension!" And as he drew her to him and felt her soft warm lips on his, he thought, half uneasily yet, "She has never told me who annoyed her—never mentioned her companion in the ante-room last night."

Lady Clive had her wish; the thorn festered as promisingly as she could have desired. Is it not the first step which costs in quarrels as in all else? Dispute once, you are very sure to dispute again, whether with the man you hate or the woman you love.

III.

HOW PRIDE SOWED AND REAPED.

It only wanted three weeks to Beatrice Boville's marriage. We were all to leave Lemongenseidlitz together in a fortnight's time for old Lady Mechlin's house in Berks, where the ceremony was to take place.

"Earlscourt is quite infatuated," said Lady Clive to me one evening. "Beatrice is very charming, of course, but she is not at all suited to him, she is so fiery, impetuous, so self-reliant."

"I think you are mistaken," said I. I admired Beatrice Boville, as I have said, and I didn't like our family's snaps and snarls at her. "She may be impetuous, but, as her impulses are always generous, that doesn't matter much. She is only fiery at injustice, and, for myself, I prefer a woman who can stand up for her own rights and her friends' to one who'll sit by in—you'll call it meekness, I suppose? I call it cowardice and hypocrisy—to hear herself or them abused."

"Thank you, mon ami," said Beatrice's voice at my elbow, as Lady Clive rose and crossed the room. "I am much obliged for your defence; I couldn't help hearing it as I stood in the balcony, and I wish very much I deserved it. I am afraid, though, I cannot dispute Helena's verdict of 'fiery,' 'impetuous'—"

"And self-reliant?" I asked her. She laughed softly, and her eyes unconsciously sought Earlscourt, who was talking to Lady Mechlin.

"Well? Not quite, now! But, by the way, why should people charge self-reliance on to one as something reprehensible and undesirable? A proper self-reliance is an indispensable groundwork to any success. If you cannot rely upon yourself, upon your power to judge and to act, you must rely upon some other person, possibly upon many people, and you become, perforce, vacillating and unstable.

"To thine own self be true,
And it shall follow as the day the night,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

As she spoke, a servant brought a note to her, and I noticed her cheeks grow pale as she saw the handwriting upon it. She broke it open, and read it hastily, an oddly troubled, worried look coming over her face, a look that Earlscourt could not help but notice as he stood beside her.

"Is there anything in that letter to annoy you, Beatrice?" he asked, very naturally.

She started—rather guiltily, I thought—and crushed the note in her hand.

"Who is it from? It troubles you, I think. Tell me, my darling, is it anything that vexes or offends you?" he whispered, bending down to her.

She laughed, a little nervously for her, and tore the note into tiny pieces.

"Why do you not tell me, Beatrice?" he said again, with a shade of annoyance on his face.

"Because I would rather not," she said, frankly enough, letting the pieces float out of the window into the street below. The shadow grew darker in his face; he bent his head in acquiescence, and said no more, but I don't think he forgot either the note or her destroyal of it.

"I thought there was implicit confidence *before* marriage, whatever there is after," sneered his sister, as she passed him. He answered her calmly:

"I should say, Helena, that neither before nor after marriage would any man who respected his wife suffer curiosity or suspicion to enter into him. If he do, he has no right to expect happiness, and he will certainly not go the way to get it."

That was the only reply he gave Lady Clive, but her thorn No. 2 festered in him, and when he bid Beatrice good-night, standing alone with her in the little drawing-room, he took both her hands in his, and looked straight into her eyes.

"Beatrice, why would you not let me see that note this evening?"

She looked up at him as fearlessly and clearly.

"If I tell you why, I must tell you whom the note was from, and what it was about, and I would much rather do neither as yet."

"That is very strange. I dislike concealment of all kind, especially from you who so soon will be my wife. It is inconceivable to me why you should need or desire any. I thought your life was a fair open book, every line of which I might read if I desired."

Beatrice looked at him in amazement.

"So you may. Do you suppose, if I had any secret from you that I feared you should know, I could have a moment's peace in your society, or look at you for an instant as I do now? I give you my word of honor that there was nothing either in the note that concerns you, or that you would wish me to tell you. In a few days you shall know all that was in it, but I ask you as a kindness not to press me now. Surely, you do not think me such a child but that you can trust me in so small a trifle. If you say I am not worthy of your confidence, you imply that I am not worthy of your love."

He could not but admire her as she looked at him, with her fearless, unshadowed regard, her head thrown a little back, and her attitude half-commanding, half-entreating. He smiled in spite of himself.

"You are a wayward, spoiled child, Beatrice. You must have your own way!"

She gave a little stamp of her foot. She hated being called a spoiled child, especially by him, and in a serious moment.

"If I have my own way, have I your full confidence too?"

"Yes; but, my dear Beatrice, the only way to gain confidence is never to excite suspicion!" And Lady Clive's thorn rankled, for even as he pressed his good-night kisses on her lips, he thought, restlessly, "Shall we make each other happy?—am I too grave for her?—and is she too willful for me? I want rest, not contention."

The night after that there was a masked ball at the Redoute. I was just coming out of my room as Beatrice came down the corridor; she had her mask in her hand, her dress was something white and starred with gold, and round her hair she had a little band of pearls of Earlscourt's gift. I never saw her look better, especially when her cheeks flushed and her eyes brightened as Earlscourt opened his door next mine, and met her. He did not see me, the corridor was empty, and he bent down to her with fond words and caresses.

"Do I look well?" she said, with child-like delight. "I am so glad, Ernest! I want to do you honor."

In that mood he understood her well enough, and he pressed her against his heart with the passion that was in him, whose strength he so rarely let her see. Then he drew her hand through his arm, and led her down the stairs; and as I laughed to find to what lengths our cold statesman could come at last, I thought Lady Clive's thorns would be innocuous, however well planted.

Earlscourt never danced; nothing but what was calm and stately could possibly have suited him; but Beatrice did, and waltzed too, (though she liked even better than that standing on his arm and talking with his friends—diplomatic, military, and ministerial—on all sorts of questions, most of which she could handle nearly as well as they); and about the middle of the evening, while she was waltzing with some man or other who had begged to be introduced to her, Earlscourt left the ball-room for ten minutes in earnest conversation with one of the French ministers, who was leaving the next morning. As he came back again, I asked him where Beatrice was, because Powell, of the Bays, was bothering my life out to introduce him to her.

"In the ball-room, isn't she? She is with Lady Mechlin, of course, if the waltz is over."

A familiar voice stopped him:

"She is not in the ball-room. Go where you found her the other night, and see if Cæsar's promised wife be above suspicion!"

I could have sworn the voice was Lady Clive's; a pink domino passed us too fast for detection, but Earlscourt's lips turned white at the subtle whisper, and he muttered a fierce oath—fiercer from him, because he's never stirred into fiery expletives. "There is some vile plot against her. I must sift it to the bottom;" and, pushing past me, he entered the ball-room. Beatrice was not there; and wending his way through the crowd, he went in through several other apartments leading off to the right, and involuntarily I followed him, to see what the malicious whisper of the pink domino had meant. Earlscourt lifted the curtain that parted the ante-room from the other chamber—lifted it to see Beatrice Boville, as the pink domino had prophesied, and not alone. With her was a man, masked, but about Earlscourt's height, and seemingly about his age, who, as he saw us, let go her hand with a laugh, turned on to a balcony, which was but a yard or so from the street, and dropped on to the pave below. Beatrice started and colored, but I thought she must be the most desperate actress going, for she came up to Earlscourt with a smile, and was about to put her hand through his arm, but he signed her away from him.

"Your acting is quite useless with me. I am not to be blinded by it again. I have believed in your truth as in my own—"

"So you may still. Listen to me, Ernest!"

"Hush! do not add falsehood to falsehood."

He spoke sternly and coldly; his pride, which was as strong as his love for her, would not gratify her by a sign of the torture within him, and even in his bitterest anger Earlscourt would never have been ungentle to a woman. That word acted like an incantation on her, the blood crimsoned her temples, her eyes literally flashed fire, and she threw back her head with the haughty, impatient gesture habitual to her.

"Falsehood? Three times of late you have used that word to me."

"And why? Because you merited it."

She stood before him, the indignant flush hotter still upon her cheeks, her lips curved into scornful anger. If she *was* an actress, she knew her role to perfection.

"Do you speak that seriously, Lord Earlscourt? Do you believe that I have lied to you?"

"God help me! What else can I believe?" he muttered, too low for her to hear it.

She asked him the question again, fiercely, and he answered her briefly and sternly:

"I believe that all your life with me has been a lie. I trusted you implicitly, and how do you return it? By carrying on clandestine intercourse with another, giving him interviews that you conceal from me, having letters that you destroy, doubtless receiving caresses that you take care are unwitnessed, while you dare to smile in my face, and to dupe me with child-like tenderness, and to bid me 'trust' you and believe in you! Love shared to me is worthless, and on my wife, Beatrice, no stain must rest!"

As he spoke, a dark shadow spread over her countenance, her evil spirit rose up in her, and her bright, frank, fearless face grew almost as hard and cold as his, while her teeth were set together, till her lips, usually soft and laughing, were pressed into one straight, haughty line.

"Since you give me up so easily, far be it from me to dispute your will. We part from this hour, if you desire it. My honor is as dear to me as yours to you, and to those who dare to suspect it I never stoop to defend it!"

"But, my God! Beatrice, what *am* I to believe?"

"Whatever you please!"

"What I please! Child, you must be mad. What *can* I believe, but that you are the most perfect of all actresses, that your art is the greatest of all sins, the art that clothes itself in innocence, and carries would-be truth upon its lips. Prove to me that I wrong you!"

She shook her head; the demon in her had still the victory; her eyes glittered, and her little teeth were clenched together.

"What I exact is trust without proof. I am not your prisoner, Lord Earlscourt, to be tried coldly, and acquitted if you find legal evidence of innocence; convicted, if there be a link wanting. If you choose to trust me, I have told you often your trust will never be wronged; if you choose to condemn me, do. I shall not stoop to show you your injustice."

Earlscourt's face grew dark and hard as hers, but it was wonderful how well his pride chained down all evidence of suffering; the only sign was in the hoarseness of, and quiver in, his voice.

"Say nothing more—prevarication is guilt! God forgive you, Beatrice Boville! If you loved me, and knelt at my feet, I would not make you my wife after the art and the falsehood with which you have repaid my trust. Thank God, you do not already bear my name and my honor in your hands!"

With those words he left her. Beatrice stood still in the same place, her lips set in one scornful line, her eyes glittering, her brow crimson, her whole attitude defiant, wronged, and unyielding. Earlscourt passed me, his face white as death, and was out of sight in a second. I waited a moment, then I followed my impulse, and went up to her.

"Beatrice, for Heaven's sake, what is all this?"

She turned her large eyes on me haughtily. "Do you believe what your cousin does?"

I answered her as briefly: "No, I do not. There is some mistake here."

She seized my arm impetuously: "Promise me, on your honor, never to tell what I tell to you while I live. Promise me, on your faith as a gentleman."

"On my honor, I promise. Well?"

"The man whom you saw with me to-night is my father. Lord Earlscourt chose to condemn me without inquiry, so let him! But I tell you, that you may tell him if I die before him, that he wronged me. You know, Mr. Boville's—my father's—character. I had not seen him since I was a child, but when he heard of my engagement to Lord Earlscourt he found me out, and wanted to force himself on him, and borrow money of him, and—" She stopped, her face was crimson, but she went on, passionately: "All my efforts, of course, were to keep them apart, to spare my father such degradation, and your cousin such an application. I could not tell Lord Earlscourt, for he is generous as the winds, and I knew what he would have done. My note was from my father; he wanted to frighten me into introducing him to Lord Earlscourt, but he did not succeed. I would not have your cousin disgraced or pained by——Arthur, that is all my crime! No very great one, is it?" And she laughed a loud bitter laugh, as unlike her own as the stormy shadow on her face was like the usual sunshine.

"But, great Heaven! why not have told this to Earlscourt?"

She signed me to silence with a passionate gesture.

"No! He dishonored me with suspicion; let him go. I forbid you ever to breathe a word of what I have told you to him. If he has pride, so have I. He would hold no dishonor greater than for another man to charge him with a lie. My truth is as untainted as his, and my honor as dear to me. He accused me wrongly; let him repent. I would have loved and reverenced him as never any woman yet could do; but once suspected, I could find no happiness with him. His bitter words are stamped into my heart. I shall never forget—I doubt if I shall ever forgive—them. I can bear anything but injustice or misconception. If any doubt me, they are free to do so; theirs is the sin, not mine. As he has sown so must he reap, and so must I!" A low gasping sob choked her voice, but she stood like a little Pythoness, the pearls gleaming above her brow, her eyes unnaturally bright, the color burning in her face, her attitude what it was when he left her, defiant, wronged, unyielding. She swept away from me to a man who was coming through the other room, and he stared at her set lips and her gleaming eyes as she asked him, carelessly, "Count Avonyi, will you have the kindness to take me to Lady Mechlin?"

That was the last I saw of her. She left with her aunt as soon as the day dawned, and when I went to our hotel, I found that Earlscourt had ordered post-horses immediately he quitted the ball-room, and gone—where, he did not leave word. So my presentiment was verified: the pride of both *had* come in conflict, and the pride of neither had succumbed. How long it would sustain and satisfy them, I could not guess; but Lady Clive smiled again, as sweetly as mean spirits ever do when their thorns have thriven and brought forth abundant fruit. I often thought of

Pauline, by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time!

when I recalled Beatrice with the pearls above her brow, and her passionate, gleaming eyes, and her fearless, scornful, haughty anguish, as she had stood before me that night when PRIDE *vs.* PRIDE seemed to have caused the wreck of both their lives.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

MUNCHAUSENISM.—The New York Post's Washington correspondent thus puts the public on their guard against Munchausenisms by returning soldiers:—

"The public should be on their guard against the wild stories of certain discharged soldiers who are returning North. Many of their improbable tales have already found their way into the newspapers, and have been proved here to be false. Yesterday a member of a certain regiment, with a dirty face, was at one of our hotels boasting loudly of his valor on the battle-field, and claiming that the color of his face was produced by burnt gunpowder. He was suddenly confronted by a distinguished officer, who advised him to put an end to his false stories—'You know,' said he, 'that you were not near the battle—your regiment *was not within four miles of the field of action!*' The story-teller suddenly wound up his tale, and proceeded to some other place, where the truth of his story could not be tested. So of many of the exaggerated tales. Our men fought magnificently, but it is not those who fought best who trumpet their praise loudest. If the first stories of the escaped soldiers had been credited, we must have believed that half our army was killed and wounded, whereas one thousand will cover the entire loss."

WHY STRAGGLING WAS PERMITTED.—Many civilians have been very much surprised that the military authorities should have permitted the stragglers of the demoralized regiments to go around Washington and Alexandria, without any apparent effort to sift them apart, and gather them up by companies and regiments. Gen. Scott explains that by letting volunteers run loose as it were after such a disaster, they much more rapidly recover their spirits and get over the fatigues of the fight and the retreat—that being habituated to reading and hearing news, they would become discontented and morose if they were at once returned to rigid discipline and the seclusion of a camp. By letting them mix together, and talk it over, they soon hear all there is to be said—to realize the extent of the disaster—to revive their hopes and inflame their desire for revenging the deaths of friends, and reversing the tide of battle. For these reasons, no more notice was taken of the members of the disorganized regiments than to guard against any acts of violence. After three or four days of idleness, the men went almost of their own accord back to camp, and resumed with apparent relish camp duty and camp fare.—*N. Y. Times.*

LIVING IN THE WEST.—From the Daily State, published at Winona, Minnesota, we extract the following report of the prices in that place of the following articles. Board ought to be cheap there:—

Butter 7 to 10 cents per pound; eggs per dozen 6 to 8 cents; extra fine flour $4.25 per barrel; onions 35 cents per bushel; potatoes, fine quality, 20 to 25 cents per bushel; corn 25 to 30 cents per bushel; wheat 57 and 58 cents per bushel; oats 16 to 18 cents per bushel. The above prices are for the best samples—inferior articles are much lower. It is almost enough to make a denizen of a large city like Philadelphia sick, to read about "fine roll butter 7 to 10 cents per pound; eggs 6 cents per dozen."

☞ Rates not to be submitted to—The Confede-rates.

A SOUTHERN ACCOUNT OF THE LATE BATTLE.

The correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch gives the following account of the battle of Manassas, as he saw it from the rebel side. It is highly interesting, and shows that our troops were on the eve of gaining a complete victory, when the enemy was reinforced. It is very complimentary to our troops that the writer speaks of a column of 10,000 "*regulars.*" We believe that, with the exception of several artillery and cavalry companies we had about 1,000 regular infantry in the battle. The enemy captured 25, and not 67 pieces of artillery—*not* including Sherman's. They probably think the Rhode Island rifled pieces Sherman's. All that about the decoy flags, &c., is stuff.

MANASSAS JUNCTION, July 22.

The night before the battle, it was generally understood at Manassas Junction the enemy were gathering in great force, and designed turning our left flank, which rested a few miles above the scene of Thursday's engagement, at a ford on Bull's Run, called Stone Bridge. We retired to rest under the full conviction that on the morrow the fortunes of our young nation were to be staked on a mighty contest, and we were not disappointed. There were not many spectators of the battle, the General commanding having, on Thursday, issued a general order requiring all civilians, with the exception of residents, before military operations commenced, and those engaged necessarily in business at Manassas Junction, to leave the camp and retire beyond a distance of four miles. The writer, however, with the following named confreres of the press, were privileged to remain to witness a scene not often enacted, and which forms an era in their lives for all time to come; a scene of terrific grandeur and sublimity, which is imprinted on their memories, with a recollection never to be effaced.

At about eight o'clock we reached a hill above Mitchell's Ford, almost entirely bare of trees, and sufficiently high to afford an unobstructed view of the opposite heights. After taking a leisurely survey of the beautiful landscape, spread out before us in all the loveliness and grandeur of nature, and listening with watchful intent to the booming of the heavy cannon on our right, and anxiously examining the locations where the guns of the enemy on the opposite hills were plainly to be seen with the naked eye, and the heavy clouds of dust rising above the woods in front and on either side, indicating the direction in which the heavy columns of the enemy were marching, we each sought the shade of a tree, where we drew forth our memorandum books and pencils, to note down for the information of the thousands who looked to us for a description of the day's occurrences, the various shiftings of the scene which henceforth forms an era in the history of our young Confederacy, and grandly inaugurates the march of glory on which she has entered.

It had been General Beauregard's purpose to make the attack, instead of waiting to receive it; but from some cause unknown to me, he preferred at last to let the enemy take the initiative; perhaps for the reason that General Johnston's division had been detained on the railroad. General Beauregard was not deceived, for the immense clouds of dust appearing above the woods, indicated, beyond a doubt, the Federal columns were moving in solid masses in another direction, and one which was unmistakable.

Just at this time, by the aid of our glass, we could see their guns brought to bear on the hill where we stood, for in a few moments the smoke was discovered issuing from their batteries of rifled cannon, and before scarcely a word could be said, the peculiar whiz and hissing of the balls notified us that their aim had been well taken. Several balls fell in a field immediately behind us, and not a hundred yards from where the Generals stood. An officer of Gen. Beauregard's staff requested us to leave the hill, and as we moved away a shell burst not twenty feet off. Col. Bonner calculated with his watch the time taken by the balls to pass us, and made the distance 1½ miles from the enemy's battery. The enemy no doubt discovered the horses of the Generals, and thought it a good opportunity to display their marksmanship, and credit is due to them for the accuracy of their aim. Providence, however, who governs all things, covered the heads of our generals as with a shield, and preserved them for the hazardous service in which they were in a short hour or two to be engaged.

It was now about eleven o'clock, and the enemy having opened with rifled cannon and shell on their right, which they had continued for more than three hours without response, we heard away to the left, about three miles distant, the heavy booming of cannon, followed immediately by the rattling crack of musketry, the discharges being repeated and continuous, which notified us that the engagement had commenced in earnest at that point, where the battle was to be fought and won.

Proceeding towards the scene of action, about two miles, we came to a creek in the hollow where one of the hospitals for the day had been stationed, and the first wounded, some 20 or 30, had been brought. Dr. Gaston, of South Carolina, formerly a surgeon in Col. Gregg's regiment, but now attached to Gen. Beauregard's headquarters, was assiduously attending to the wants of the wounded. At this point Generals Beauregard and Johnston, accompanied by a staff of some ten or twelve officers, passed at full gallop, riding towards their headquarters for the day, which were on a hill immediately overlooking the ground where our brave soldiers were manfully and persistently struggling for the victory. A large force of cavalry was here stationed, and as the generals passed they called for three cheers for Beauregard, which were immediately given with right good will, and which the general gracefully acknowledged by lifting his hat from his head and bowing his thanks.

Both of our generals were plainly dressed. No large epaulettes, no gilt, nor any fuss and feathers; you could only distinguish them at a distance to be officers by their swords, but on a closer inspection, the marks of genius and military skill were unmistakable. Their uniform was what I took to be a plain undress. Not the least sign of excitement was to be seen on the countenances of either as they coolly rode forward into the storm of iron hail. Beauregard's eyes glistened with expectation, no doubt, when he afterwards threw himself into the very heart of the action, appearing then, as was afterwards most expressively said of him, to be the very impersonation of the "god of war." Gen. Johnston, too, looked every inch a commander, and proved himself to be the worthy inheritor of the prowess and virtues of his ancestors. On reaching the top of the hill, where was a white house, owned, I believe, by a Mr. Lewis, they were again discovered by the enemy, as the rifled shot and shell whizzed through the air and lodged in the hollow behind. The aim was not so good at this time, the accurate artillerists three miles below not having yet come up with the enemy's main body. At about twelve o'clock Beauregard and Johnston assumed the command of our main body at the Stone Bridge. The line of battle extended some seven miles up and down the creek, and during the day there were some minor engagements at other fords.

At Blackburn's Ford Gen. Jones's Brigade made an attack upon the left flank of the enemy, who had two strong batteries in a commanding position, which it was important to capture. The Fifth South Carolina Regiment led the attack, but our troops were compelled to retire for a while under the heavy fire of the batteries and musketry, and the enemy immediately retreated. Up to the time of this attack these batteries had been bombarding all the morning Gen. Longstreet's position in his entrenchments on this side of the Run.

General Evans, of South Carolina, was the first to lead his brigade into action at Stone Bridge. It consisted of the Fourth South Carolina Regiment and Wheat's Louisiana Battalion. Sustaining them was General Cocke's Brigade, consisting of the 17th and 19th and 28th Virginia Regiments, commanded respectively by Colonels Cocke, Withers, and Robt. T. Preston. These brigades were the first to bear the brunt of the action, as they were exposed to a concentric fire, the object of the enemy being to turn our left flank while we were endeavoring to turn his right. These regiments of infantry were sustaining the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans, who had two of their guns at this point, which made terrible havoc in the ranks of the enemy. The Federal troops leading the action consisted of 10,000 regulars, sustaining the celebrated Sherman's battery, these regulars being in their turn sustained by immense masses of volunteers, the New York Zouaves among the number. Gen. Beauregard estimated the enemy's numbers in the action to be not less than 35,000.

Between two and three o'clock, large numbers of men were leaving the field, some of them wounded and others exhausted by the long struggle, who gave us gloomy reports; but as the fire on both sides continued steadily, we felt sure that our brave Southerners had not been conquered by the overwhelming hordes of the North. It is, however, due to truth to say that the *result of this hour hung trembling in the balance.* We had lost numbers of our most distinguished officers. Generals Barstow and Bee had been stricken down; Lieut. Col. Johnston, of the Hampton Legion had been killed; Col. Hampton had been wounded; but there was at hand the fearless general whose reputation as a commander was staked on this battle. Gen. Beauregard promptly offered to lead the Hampton Legion into action, which he executed in a style unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Gen. Beauregard rode up and down our lines between the enemy and his own men, regardless of the heavy fire, cheering and encouraging our troops. About this time a shell struck his horse, taking its head off and killing the horses of his aids, Messrs. Ferguson and Heyward. Gen. Beauregard's aids deserve honorable mention, particularly those just named, and Cols. W. Porcher Miles, James Chesnut, John L. Manning and A. R. Chisholm. Gen. Johnston also threw himself into the thickest of the fight, seizing the colors of a Georgia regiment, and rallying them to the charge. His staff signalized themselves by their intrepidity, Col. Thomas being killed and Major Mason wounded.

Your correspondent heard Gen. Johnston exclaim to Gen. Cocke just at the critical moment, "Oh, for four regiments!" His wish was answered, for in the distance our reinforcements appeared. The tide of battle was turned in our favor by the arrival of Gen. Kirby Smith, from Winchester, with 4,000 men of Gen. Johnston's division. Gen. Smith heard, while on the Manassas railroad cars, the roar of battle. He stopped the train and hurried his troops across the field to the point just where he was most needed. They were at first supposed to be the enemy, their arrival at that point of the field being entirely unexpected. The enemy fell back and a panic seized them. Cheer after cheer from our men went up, and we knew that the battle had been won. At about 5 o'clock we heard cheer upon cheer, and the word "Davis" ran along the ranks, and we saw in the distance, the tall, slender form of our gallant President, who had arrived upon the field in time to see the total rout of the army which threatened his capture, and the subjugation of the South. It has been stated the President commanded the centre and joined in the charge, but this is a mistake. The train had been delayed and arrived at the Junction two hours behind its time, which must have been a grievous disappointment. Their artillery far outnumbered ours. We have captured 67 pieces of cannon, while we had only 18 on that part of the field. It has been stated to me by so many of our soldiers I cannot but believe it, that the enemy by some means had obtained our signal for the day, they also used our red badge, which fortunately was discovered in time, and they carried into action the flags of the Palmetto State and the Confederate States. It has been asserted, too, by numerous individuals engaged in the battle, that there was great confusion and slaughter among our own men, who mistook them for the enemy. This was less to be wondered at from the similarity of uniform and the mean advantages above referred to, taken by our unscrupulous foes. They pressed our left flank for several hours with terrible effect, but our men flinched not until their number had been so diminished by the well-aimed and steady volleys that they were compelled to give way for new regiments. The 7th and 8th Georgia regiments, commanded by the gallant and lamented Bartow, are said to have suffered heavily during the early part of the battle. Kemper's, Shield's, and Pendleton's batteries were in this part of the field, and did fearful execution. I regret to be unable to name all the regiments engaged, in their order, not having succeeded in ascertaining their position. I am inclined to believe there was some mistake during the day in the delivery or execution of an order of General Beauregard's, respecting an attack on the enemy's rear, which was not effected.

THE REBEL LOSS AT MANASSAS.—Se De Kay, the Manassas correspondent of the Louisville Courier, says:—

"Our loss is fully two thousand killed and wounded. Among the killed are Gen. Bee, of South Carolina, Gen. E. K. Smith, General Bartow, of Georgia, Col. Moore, and all the Alabama field officers, Col. Fisher, and the North Carolina field officers, Adjutant Branch, of Georgia, and a host of other leading men.

"Thos. G. Duncan, of Nelson county, Ky., was in the fight, and shot through the left shoulder. His wound is not dangerous.

"Col. Barbour, of Louisville, Capt. Menifee, and Shelby Coffey, of Kentucky, were in the hottest of the fight.

"This is a sad day. The rain is pouring in torrents. The killed and wounded are being brought in by hundreds, and a gloom pervades all hearts, that even the sense of our great victory cannot relieve."

A SECESSION GENERAL.—Dr. Russell says, in a letter from Mississippi:—"In the course of the day I was introduced to exactly seventeen colonels and one captain. My happiness was further increased by an introduction to a youth of some twenty three years of age, with tender feet if I may judge from prunella slippers, dressed in a green cutaway, jean pants, and a tremendous sombrero with a plume of ostrich feathers, and gold tassels looped at the side, who had the air and look of an apothecary's errand boy. This was 'General' Maggles (let us say) of Arkansas."

☞ Trying to the patience of a wooden-legged man—to have a wife given to walking.

EXTRACTS FROM RUSSELL'S LETTERS TO THE LONDON TIMES.

IMPORTANCE OF CAVALRY—BARBARITIES OF WAR.—The Americans persist in ignoring the use of horsemen, or, at least, in depreciating it, though they will at last find that they may shed much blood and lose much before they can gain a great victory without the aid of artillery and charges after the retreating army.

From the want of cavalry, I suppose it is, the unmilitary practice of "scouting," as it is called here, has arisen. It was all very well in the days of Indian wars for footmen to creep about in the bushes, and shoot or be shot by sentries and pickets; but no civilized war, if there be such a thing at all in civil conflicts, recognizes such means of annoyance as firing upon sentinels, unless in case of an actual advance or feigned attack on the line. No camp can be safe without cavalry videttes and pickets, for the enemy can pour in impetuously after the alarm has been given, as fast as the outlying footmen can run in. In feeling the way for a column, cavalry are invaluable, and there can be little chance of ambuscades or surprises where they are judiciously employed; but "scouting" on foot, or adventurous private expeditions on horseback to have a look at the enemy, can do, and will do, nothing but harm.

Every day the papers contain accounts of "scouts" being killed and sentries being picked off. The latter is a barbarous and savage practice, and the Russian in his most angry moments abstained from it. If any officer wishes to obtain information as to his enemy, he has two ways of doing it. He can employ spies, who carry their lives in their hands, or he can beat up their quarters by a proper reconnoissance on his own responsibility, in which, however, it would be advisable not to trust his force to a railway train.

ILLINOIS—CHICAGO.—"How pleasant it was to see white faces in the fields, to gaze on the waving corn, and on the martial rows of wheatsheafs! to behold the villages and the Christian spires rising in the distance, to observe, as it were, under one's eyes the growth of civilized communities; the village swelling into the town, and the town grasping the dimensions of a city. And how wonderful has been the work of the rail; in a night it has spanned the interval between war and peace, between swamps and harvest-fields, between sedition and contentment. Last night we travelled through lines of outposts, over danger-haunted bridges, by camps where the soldiers watched eagerly for their supply of bread, and cheered lustily as it was delivered to them from the train, for without its aid they could get none. This morning Union flags floated from the little stations. Corn is abundant. The vast plains are rich with crops, or are ready to yield to the tilth. A city worthy of such a name rises above the waters of the sea-like lake whose waves roll from the boundless horizon in crisping foam on the smooth sandy beach. The pure, clear air invigorates the frame, weakened by the warm, clammy breath of the South. The notes of the mocking bird are heard no more, but the prairie hen gets up with a sharp whirr from the roadside, and drops with her brood into the deep, flowering clover; the partridge calls from the stubble, and instead of the foul turkey buzzard and his lazy wheel swoops the gray falcon over the broad meadow in rapid curves. Chicago receives us, and comfort, quiet, good meat, butter and bread—of which, indeed, we had a foretaste at the refreshment rooms at Centralia, where I took tea last night—assures the traveller that he is not the inmate of a Southern hotel."

SLAVERY AND THE WAR.—The following petition to Congress from the New York Republican Central Club, was adopted at the last meeting:

Whereas, Ever since the establishment of our government, slavery has been a constant source of disturbance and crime; and whereas we believe that the present conflict will prove to be irrepressible so long as slavery exists, inasmuch as it is the sole cause of the present war, and consequently will generate future war; and whereas we believe it is the duty of Congress to resort to every constitutional method of saving the nation and future generations from the enormous debt and loss of life with which we are now threatened; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we believe that a large majority of the people of the North will faithfully sustain those members in Congress who vote for improving the present constitutional opportunity of delivering the nation from the great curse of slavery. And in view of the formidable opposition and awful loss of life at Manassas Junction, we hereby petition Congress not to leave Washington until they shall have either passed in substance the proposed law of the Hon. Seth C. Pomeroy, for the suppression of the slaveholders' rebellion, by abolishing slavery in the seceded States, amended, if thought best, by compensating the Union slaveholders out of the confiscated property of the rebels, or abolished the Fugitive Slave law as pertains to said seceded States.

Resolved, That copies of the foregoing be transmitted by our secretary to the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives, with the request that they be read in both Houses of Congress.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S BODY GUARD.—Sturges's Rifle Corps, who have acted as body guard to Gen. McClellan through the campaign in Western Virginia, reached Washington on Friday night. They number about one hundred men, armed with Sharp's breech loading rifles with sabre bayonets, and were enrolled in Chicago for the war. They are named after Solomon Sturges, a wealthy banker in Chicago, who donated the whole of the outfit to the company, at a cost of $20,000. The tents are of the Crimean pattern, and are the best in use. The officers' tent is used by Gen. McClellan, and around him at all times are the Chicago boys. They all love the general, and there is not a man who would not die at any time to save him from harm. The uniforms are the neatest we have seen; one is dark gray, and one corduroy for fatigue. They are accompanied by the champion drummer who accompanied Ellsworth's Zouaves on their tour over the United States.

HAVELOCKS.—The name of the gallant Indian General is almost universally applied to the sun-shades of our troops. Anybody who will study the Egyptian paintings, will see that shades of the same cut were used in just the same way by the Egyptian troops before Moses's time. The army which was lost in the Red Sea wore Havelocks.

☞ Whiskey was unknown among the iron soldiers of Rome, who were the conquerors of the world. Water was their common drink, sometimes modified by weak sour wine, almost resembling vinegar.

☞ One company of volunteers in the present army organization, from Erie, in this state, is said to number four preachers and thirty-six fiddlers—a mixture almost as pleasant as one of Barnum's "happy families."

☞ A Pennsylvania farmer, a very enthusiastic Unionist, raised a large flag on his premises last week, and the same evening his wife presented him with a *nine-pounder.*

☞ Larry, the celebrated surgeon of the French army, first exposed the absurdity that the *wind* of a cannon ball may prove fatal. He pointed out that, though there were no external marks, yet there were internal ones, which could have been caused only by actual concussion.

☞ Garibaldi has a strong affection for the United States. "That is a spot," said he, "in which a man forgets his own native land."

☞ A certain son of St. Crispin recently called on a neighboring blacksmith, to get the steel corks of his horse's shoe sharpened, and being in great haste, he asked, "Can't you do it without taking the shoes off?" "I don't know," says Vulcan, "but if you will hold his feet in my forge, I'll try."

☞ THE KEYS THAT LOCK SOUTHERN PORTS.—The Yan-kees.

☞ In reading the chapter of Daniel, which narrates the dedication of Nebuchadnezzar's image, the narrator repeats the names of the great officers of the kingdom, and the various musical instruments used on the occasion. A short-winded parson in the diocese of London, after the first enumeration, substituted this formula—"same gentlemen of the court and band as before."

☞ It is said to be a fact that every vessel built for the Government in New England navy yards, has cost 50 per cent. less than those which have been built in Virginia.

☞ "Although I never drink, I think I am taking a drop now," as the temperance man said, when he fell out of a third-story window.

☞ In all my tour in the South I heard little melody from lips black or white, and only once heard negroes singing in the fields.—*Russell of the Times.*

☞ A recruit who is exercised twelve hours at a stretch, under the broiling sun of July, cannot long remain *Raw.*

☞ "How deep is it to the bottom of the sea?" said King Henry VIII. to the Abbot of Abingdon. "A stone's throw, an't please your Majesty's Highness," was the reply.

☞ The fashion, now, in Paris, is to open an elegant dairy, to which folks go to drink milk as it is freshly drawn, for each, from the cows!

☞ A soldier who was once wounded in battle set up a terrible bellowing. An Irishman, who lay near with both legs shot off, immediately sung out, "Bad luck to the likes of ye—do yer think that nobody is kilt but yerself?"

☞ One of the neatest things of the day was said by a lady in our hearing, in one of the avenue cars, the other evening. A Zouave, his hair cropped close to the skin, had just taken his seat and thrown off his hat, showing a skull suggesting a white-wood scrubbing-brush with most of the bristles worn off. "Suppose you wanted to bother that Zouave completely," said the lady to her companion, "would you know how to do it?" "Not especially," answered her escort. "Well, I'll tell you," said the bright-eyed vixen, "*ask him for a lock of his hair!*"

☞ A gentleman in the oil region of Western Virginia was boring for oil on his lands, and anxious to complete the job, kept his darkies at work night and day. The nights were cold, and a fire was built near the well. About midnight they struck a vein of gas, which rushed out with great force, and igniting from the fire, shot up a stream of brilliant flame one hundred and fifty feet in the air, illuminating the country round. The terrified darkies broke for their master's house, and cried out, 'Get up, Mass Tompkins, get up! we've broke through into hell!'"

☞ Byron enthusiastically wishes somewhere:—

"That womanhood had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once, from north to south."

☞ In reply to an advertisement headed "Use Cooper's Tooth Brush," a Western editor says, "We'll see Cooper hanged first, the dirty fellow!"

☞ "I don't miss my church somuch as you may suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called on her during her illness; "for I make Betsy sit at the window, as soon as the bells begin to chime, and she tells me who are going to church, and whether they have got on anything new."

☞ Irascible Gent (to Waiter): "They say there's nothing like leather, don't they?" "Yessir." "Then, it's a lie, for this steak is!" (Waiter evaporates.)

☞ A SLAVE'S MOTTO.—Am I not a man and a bother?—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ Sin—The Presbyterian Banner regards the following definition of sin, attributed to the oldest theological seminary in New England, as the very latest improvement in theology: "Sin is the disturbance of the balance of our moral sensibilities."

☞ Napoleon was right when he expressed abhorrence of newspaper scribblers, and Abraham Lincoln must certainly curse the whole race of correspondents when he sees his jocose remarks, uttered in private, dressed up as specimens of Presidential wit for public circulation.

☞ It is said that doctors can mitigate the pain of sickness; certainly a good many of them make dying a very easy thing.

☞ A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking-cup, with an angel at the bottom, and when she filled it for him, he used to drain it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop. "Because, ducky," he said, "I long to see the dear little angel." Upon which she had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom, and he drank it off just the same; and she again asked him the reason. "Why," replied he, "because I won't leave the old devil a drop."

☞ If you wish to offer your hand to a lady, choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus. She is certain then to accept it.

☞ A lead pencil has been invented, having an oval head of India-rubber for erasing the pencil-marks, so that one can write with one end and rub it out with the other. How convenient!

NEWS ITEMS.

Following the Example.—The Inspector of the Subsistence Department is just completing a building in Washington, two stories high, three hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, and has also secured an adjoining building, with the intention of using both for the accommodation of arriving volunteers. The hospitality bestowed upon the troops by the Philadelphia Volunteer Committee, at the foot of Washington street, has induced the authorities at Washington to imitate.

Parson Brownlow.—Brownlow says that a rebel in Tennessee refused to allow his children to be taught out of certain books, because they were published by the American Sunday-School *Union*. He also says that a party of rebels made a demonstration upon a sign on which was painted "*Union* Prayer Meeting Room."

Gen. Pillow's Chain-cable.—Previous to Gen. Pillow being superseded by Bishop Polk, he went to New Orleans and procured a huge chain cable, costing him $25,000, and brought it to Memphis to blockade the river, by stretching it over and resting it upon buoys! The cable, carriage and work cost about $30,000. The first big tide that came, bringing down the usual amount of trees, logs and driftwood, swept his cable and its supporters, as any flatboat captain would have informed the Confederate authorities would certainly be the case.—*Knoxville Whig.*

The Secession Loss at the Battle of Manassas.—An estimate of the killed and wounded by the chief military surgeon at Gen. Beauregard's head-quarters, on the part of our army, places the amount at three hundred to four hundred killed, and one thousand to one thousand two hundred wounded.

A New York Zouave recently took a horse belonging to a rebel, and ever since has been much elated with his capture. A day or two since, the owner of the animal presented himself to the Zouave, and demanded the horse. "I have taken the oath of allegiance," said he, "and the horse is mine." "You may have taken the oath," answered the New Yorker, "but the horse has not, and I shall keep him till he does." There was no replying to this, and Zouave keeps his horse.

The bark Pilgrim, from Bordeaux, with a cargo of brandy, wines, &c., captured by the Brooklyn while attempting to run the blockade of the Mississippi, arrived at Key West in charge of a prize crew on the 10th of July. The cargo is valued at more than $100,000.

The Nashville (Tenn.) Union and American of the 16th ult., is ornamented in its editorial columns with a special telegraphic despatch under this heading: "*Another battle in Missouri! 14,000 Federals captured! 200 Southerners killed!*" Is there anything in the annals of Munchausenism that beats that?

Exchanging Prisoners.—In order to explain a point concerning which the public do not seem to have correct information, we remark that the government will not recognize the "Southern Confederacy" by exchanging prisoners, but will release all excepting those who have been officers of the U. S. Army and Navy, who will give parole not to bear arms against the United States, and who will not give aid or information to the enemy.

The Charleston Mercury reports that the women in Washington are almost all secessionists, and that in private circles, among the permanent residents of Washington and Georgetown, hatred to the existing Government, and sympathy with Jeff. Davis, are freely expressed feelings. The wife of a well known Senator, though not the representative of a Slave or Secession State, makes her house the rendezvous of rebels.

The entire expenses of the Revolutionary war were stated in the report of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury in 1790, to be $135,000,000. The debt which was left for posterity to pay was $75,000,000.

A charming girl in Lowell, who had used a false set of teeth for some time, now finds a new and promising supply coming forward, in both jaws, and will soon have a full set of natural teeth.

An Unsinkable Ship.—A ship built upon an entirely new plan, and pronounced by the patentee to be unsinkable, has been launched at Deptford Green. She is constructed with three decks, each being in itself a distinct ship, so that even if her bottom was destroyed, she would still float buoyantly.

Southern Cotton and Northern Shipping.—In one of his recent letters to the London Times, Mr. Russell relates a curious suggestion made by a French gentleman, now in New Orleans, to some ardent cotton planters there. He stated to them that even if the blockade were broken by England and France, as they hoped it would be, the available shipping of these two nations would not suffice to carry the cotton crop to Europe, and that without the aid of the immense mercantile marine of the Northern States, Southern cotton would lie and rot in the Southern ports, even were they open.

The greatest marvel to the Siamese Ambassadors in their journey among the lions of Paris was the gravel walk in the court yard of the Invalides. They could not understand why those disagreeable small pebbles should be brought from a distance for meritorious old soldiers to walk upon.

A Shame.—The Augusta Chronicle says: "It is a shame, and we think too, a gross mismanagement, that the flower of Georgia's well-trained volunteer soldiery, and only one regiment, was sent into Northwestern Virginia, into the very midst of Tories, away from railroads and reinforcements, to meet Lincoln's best soldiers—the Northwestern men—under Lincoln's best General—McClellan—and unsupported, except by the almost raw Virginia militia."

The Right Spirit.—The Chicago Tribune says: "The first report of the late disaster at Bull's Run, was handed round at the Methodist camp meeting, near this city, and Rev. Mr. Cox, who was preaching at the time the intelligence was received, remarked, on closing his sermon, 'Brethren, we had better adjourn this camp meeting and go home and drill.' The suggestion was approved."

The New Orleans papers contain many items which reveal the true state of things existing in the Southern States. There are numerous reports of slave risings in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi, and of indignities committed upon soldiers impressed into the service of the Confederacy.

During some experiments lately made in Vienna, it was ascertained that the guns used by the Austrian infantry could be discharged 55 times in nine minutes and a-half, with gun-cotton. The cartridge was put into the barrel without the use of a ramrod. The results with this class of gun are said to have been highly satisfactory.

Credit of the State of Maine.—The whole amount of bids for the State of Maine loan for $250,000 was $900,000. It was all taken at a premium.

The old Police Commissioners of Baltimore, with the other State prisoners, have been sent from Fort McHenry to Fort Hamilton, N. Y., where the air is better.

Missouri.—The Convention have elected Hon. Hamilton R. Gamble, of St. Louis, as Governor of Missouri, by 68 votes; Willard P. Hale Lieutenant Governor, by 61 votes; and Mordecai Oliver Secretary of State, by 61 votes. The Opposition were excused from voting, as they protested against the power of the Convention to take this action, consequently there were no votes cast against any of the candidates.

A candy dealer of Liverpool advertises himself as the supplier of "old genuine original Everton taffy to her Majesty."

Liquor can no longer be sold or given away to the troops in Washington and Alexandria, and officers as well as men are ordered to keep in camp. No passes are granted even to the former except on urgent reasons. McClellan is holding a tighter rein than has been heretofore held—it was greatly needed.

An escaped prisoner who fled from Manassas, says that our men who are there as prisoners, are well cared for, and are as comfortable as could be expected. Col. Wood, of the 14th New York Regiment, is improving rapidly.

Prince Adam Czartoryski, the patriarch of Polish patriots, who fought in the Polish armies which vainly opposed the second partition of Poland, and who was President of the national government established at Warsaw in 1831, died, on Monday evening, in Paris, in his 92nd year.

By the recent Act of Congress, confiscating the property of rebels in arms, the rebel Gen. Lee will be deprived of his Arlington estate. It embraces 300 acres, and is the most valuable estate in the vicinity of Washington.

Relatives of the wounded have been in Washington in large numbers, and are in deep sorrow in view of the fact that no permission is granted by the enemy to go into the hospitals on the battle-field, or see their wounded relatives. Many have come from Michigan and other distant States. They return home with sorrowing hearts.

Lieut. Lyons, of the Southern district, with a posse of police, lately visited the camp of the Duryea Zouaves, and brought off twenty colored persons found therein. Two of them were found to be runaways; three proved their legitimate connection with the regiment in the capacity of servants; and fifteen were free colored persons from Baltimore. The two slaves were held to await a requisition from their owners.

Proclamation.—The Governor of Alabama, has issued a proclamation, ordering all persons who have arms in their possession to forthwith deposit them with the Sheriffs of the different counties.

INCIDENTS AT MANASSAS.

Bowie-Knife Work.—After the battle had been raging for some hours, according to the account of a Zouavian hero, he saw an immense body of Mississippians, accompanied by some (believed to be) Baltimoreans, rush furiously over the Confederate ramparts. They at once saw the conspicuous uniform of the Zouaves, and made at them. The Mississippians, after approaching near enough, sent a terrible volley from their rifles into the Zouaves ranks. This done, they threw their guns aside and charged onward until each contending enemy met face to face and hand to hand in terrible combat. The Mississippians, having discarded their rifles after the first fire, fell back upon their bowie-knives. These were of huge dimensions, eighteen to twenty inches long, heavy in proportion and sharp, or two-edged at the points. Attached to the handle was a lasso, some eight to ten feet in length, with one end securely wound round the wrist. My informant says, when these terrific warriors approached to within reach of their lasso, not waiting to come in bayonet range, they threw forward their bowie-knives at the Zouaves after the fashion of experienced harpooners striking at a whale. Frequently they plunged in and penetrated through a soldier's body, and were jerked out, ready to strike again, while the first victim sunk into death. On several occasions the terrible bowie-knife was transfixed in a Zouave, and the Zouave's bayonet in a Mississippian, both impaled and falling together. So skillfully was this deadly instrument handled by the Mississippian that he could project it to the full lasso length, kill his victim, withdraw it again with a sudden impulse and catch the handle unerringly. If by any mischance the bowie-knife missed its aim, broke the cord fastening it to the arm, or fell to the earth, revolvers were next resorted to, and used with similar dexterity.

A Shot at Beauregard.—Some of the Fire Zouaves went hunting rebels on their own account, and kept tally of how many they bagged. Some had as high as fifteen or twenty notches on a stick. One young fellow of the First California regiment, named Sinclair, penetrated the enemy's batteries, but soon left, as he was spotted by the riflemen. He also crawled through the grass half a mile, and shot a horse on which was an officer, who was pointed out to him as General Beauregard. He says he aimed for the rebel's heart; but a stone under his knee rolled from under him, lowering his aim, shooting the horse in the throat.

Henry D. Townsend, Esq., of New York, Paymaster of the 16th regiment, which was one of the reserve, volunteered to go into the fight, and to assist one of his brothers who was in the 71st. After having done good service for several hours, he was approached by two of the enemy's cavalry, one with the sabre raised to hew him down, and the other with a pistol elevated for his destruction.—Quick as thought, when the first came within twelve feet of him, he fired his revolver with fatal effect to his opponent; the other presented his pistol to his head, and he, in return, his pistol to his breast. They both fired together; the ball of the enemy passed through his cap, and his own ball through the heart, killing both of his opponents on the spot. He immediately secured the two horses, on one of which he placed a wounded soldier of the 71st, then lying helpless near by, and told him to ride, which he did in safety to Washington. The other horse he secured, and has now with him in Washington as a trophy.

During the battle, a heroic deed was performed by Edward Schwarts, a member of Company B, 8th Regiment, and only 18 years of age. In the hottest of the battle, when the rebel cavalry were charging on our forces, young Swartz shot the captain of the advancing foe, and captured his sword and sash, which he now holds as trophies.

A member of the 71st Regiment of New York, states that in one of the charges of that regiment upon a rebel battery, he met at the point of the bayonet a member of one of the Virginia regiments with whom he had formed intimate relations of friendship, while the rebel soldier was at college in New York. Each instantly recognized the other, and instead of carrying out the work of death, they clasped hands, with the exclamation, "God bless you," and separated.

☞ Letters from the seat of war are of so much interest now, that we feel much indebted to a gentleman who has kindly loaned us the following. It was received from his son, who is a volunteer:

"Dear Father—I am well. Send me six dollars."

☞ Louis Napoleon is the only monarch of France born in Paris. He first saw the light of day at the Tuileries on the 20th of April, 1808.

☞ Olive oil is now being made in California, in large quantities; not less than 500 gallons were made during the past season at the single Mission of San Fernando.

☞ Robert Dale Owen is said to be writing a companion volume to his "Footprints on the Boundary of Another World," to be called "Short Steps on the Other Side of Jordan." The publisher is not yet announced.

☞ A rector, a few miles from Colchester, England, sent the following document in answer to a recent application for a certificate of birth, by one of his parishioners:—"Mary, daughter of ——, born a child of Wrath, April 24, 1801;—born again of water and the Holy Ghost, May 25, 1801."

☞ "What do you ask for that watch?" "Twenty dollars, and I be d—n I takes any less; what yer gives?" "Twenty shillings, and not a d—n cent more." "Der watch is yours; I cannot allow a Christian man to swear mit a lie."

☞ Edward Clark, the secession Governor of Texas, has a queer idea of treason. In his late proclamation he says:—"It will also be treasonable for any citizen of Texas to pay any debts now owing by him to a citizen of either of the States or Territories now at war with the Confederate States of America."

☞ The two great French astronomers, Bobinet and Leverrier, have been squabbling over the identity of the comet now in view. Bobinet asserts that it is the comet of Charles the Fifth, on its return, and Leverrier that it is nothing of the kind, but a new visitor.—As they can't go to the comet to settle it, it is not known what else they can do than fight about it.

☞ The preparations employed for hair dye under the pompous names of "African Water," "Florida Water," &c., all contain nitrate of silver, sulphur, oxyd and acetate of lead, sulphate of copper, and other noxious substances. All cosmetics for removing hairs or freckles are dangerous; the *lait antephelique*, for instance, contains corrosive sublimate and oxyd of lead. Were a chemist in France to deliver such a remedy to a customer without a regular prescription, he would be liable to a fine of 6,000 francs.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been very quiet this week, the demand both for export and home use being limited. Some 4000 bbls have been taken in lots, part for shipment, at $4@4,50 for Western and Penna superfine; $5@5,12½ for fresh ground do. City Mills is generally held higher; $4,75@5,50 for extra and extra family, and $5,75@6,50 ℔ bbl for fancy lots, according to brand and freshness. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are dull. The former is offered at $3@3,12½ ℔ bbl, which is a decline, without sales to any extent; and Penna Meal is nearly nominal at $2,62½ ℔ bbl. A sale of 600 bbls Brandywine was made at a price kept private.

GRAIN—There has been a fair amount of Wheat offering, mostly new Southern; sales reach some 44,000 bus, mostly prime new Southern Reds, at $1,10@1,11½, and $1,12½@1,13, afloat, including Ohio and Penna do, part old, at $1,10@1,11, and White at $1,15@1,22, as in quality, the latter for choice lots. Rye is quiet, with small receipts and sales of old Penna at 56c, new do 52c, and Southern at 50c. Corn is scarce, but the demand for it is limited, and the market inactive; about 18,000 bus sold at 52@53c for good and prime Penna and Southern Yellow, in store and afloat; 50@51c for fair quality do, 44c for damaged Western, and 50@51c for prime do, in store. Oats are better and more active, and 30,000 bus found buyers at 31@33c for Penna; 30@32c for Southern, in store and afloat; 30c for old and new mixed, and 27@28c for new, the former to arrive.

PROVISIONS continue steady and firm. Mess Pork is quoted at $16@16,50, and beef at $12@16 for Western and city mess, with sales of some 750 bbls, on terms kept private. Of Bacon the sales are limited and mostly confined to Hams, at from 8½ to 10c for plain and fancy cured. Some rough cut sides sold at 7c, and shoulders at 5c cash. Green Meats are but little inquired for, and dull at previous quotations. A sale of bulk sides was made at 7c ℔ ℔. Lard is steady, with but little offering or selling; quotations range at 9@9½ for tierces and barrels, and 9½@10c for kegs, cash and time. Butter moves off more freely at 8@9c for packed, the latter for prime. Cheese is quiet at 6@8c ℔ ℔. Eggs are lower, and selling at 9@10c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The stock is gradually reducing, and prices steadily on the advance, and only about 300 bales have found buyers within the range of 13½@17c, cash and short time, for Uplands and Gulfs, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES—Both kinds are quiet and without any change to note.

BARK—Quercitron is in steady demand, and 1st No 1 is selling freely, on arrival, at $28 ℔ ton. Tanners' Bark continues dull and neglected.

BEESWAX—There is little or none offering or selling, and prices are nearly nominal.

COAL—Prices are firm, with a fair demand for Anthracite, to go east, at fully former rates; and the market is quiet for the season.

COFFEE is firm but inactive, with a very reduced stock on sale, and that mostly of poor quality; 800 bags Rio sold, in lots, at 13½@15½c; 600 bags Laguayra at 16½@17c, and some Jamaica at 16c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER is dull and prices are unchanged; Yellow Metal is held at 18c, 6 mos.

FRUIT—Green Fruit comes in slowly; Apples command 50c to $1 ℔ bus; and Berries 40@60c ℔ bucket.

HAY is firm, old Timothy selling at 75@85c, and new at 60@70c the 100 ℔s.

HEMP—There is nothing doing, and no quotable change in prices.

HOPS are firm, and a small business to note at 18@25c for Eastern and Western, as in quality, which is an advance.

IRON—There is no new feature in the market, and a small business doing both in Pig and Manufactured Iron, at about previous quotations.

LEAD is firm and on the advance, the want of stock limiting the operations in Pig.

LUMBER—There are no changes to note, and very little doing this week. Susquehanna Boards range at $11@14; Lehigh Hemlock Raft Lumber $6@6,50; do Boards $10; Eastern Laths $1,20@1,25; and White Pine Shingles $12@16 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is firmly held, but the transactions in all kinds are very small.

PLASTER—The offerings and sales are light, and the market steady at $2¼@2½ ℔ ton for Soft.

RICE is selling in a retail way only at 5¼@5¾ cts ℔ ℔, and the stock very light.

SEEDS are quiet, and the sales of Clover and Timothy in a small way only at $4,75 for the former and $2,50@2,75 ℔ bushel for the latter.

SPIRITS—Brandies are firm, but there is little or nothing doing in the way of sales. Gins are also quiet. N E. Rum sells as wanted at 28@30c. Whiskey is scarce and on the advance. Bbls have been sold at 16½@17½c, and in a small way at 19@20c. Drudge at 16@19c, and hhds at the same rates.

SUGARS are better, with sales of 11@1200 hhds to note at 5¼@6¼ for Cuba, 6½@7¼c for Porto Rico, and 6¼@7c for N Orleans on time.

TALLOW has been in active demand and on the advance, with sales of city at 8¼@8½c, now held higher. Country is quoted at 7½c.

TOBACCO is quiet but firm at the advance, the demand both for leaf and manufactured being very light.

WOOL—The new clip comes in slowly, and the week's sales have been limited to a few lots of common to quarter blood, at from 27 to 30c, net, including some half blood at 31@31½c ℔ ℔. Fine Fleece is unsaleable, except at about the same rates.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1133 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 8c ℔ ℔. 75 Cows brought from $20 to 40 ℔ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from $6,00 to 7,00 ℔ cwt. 5000 Hogs sold at from $5 to 6,50 ℔ cwt, net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

Freaks of Cannon Balls.—A letter-writer from St. Louis, says:—

Are you fond of the marvellous? Then listen to a couple of camp stories about Col. Sigel's engagement. A private in one of his companies, was lying upon the ground, loading and firing in that position to avoid the balls of the enemy. He was flat upon his face, with his left side towards the foe, when a shot from one of their six-pounders struck the ground right beside him, ploughed through about six inches below the surface under him, rebounded, came out on the other side, and continued on its zigzag course. It did not hurt a hair of his head, but merely, in something less than the twinkling of an eye, whirled him over upon his back! I do not vouch for it, but tell the tale as 'twas told to me, if you shake your head, pause and save little of your incredulity for this. A captain asserts positively that he saw one of Sigel's artillerists struck by a cannon-ball which cut off both his legs, but that he promptly raised himself half up, rammed the charge home in his gun, withdrew the ramrod, and then fell back dead! That is certainly melodramatic—whether true or not—and only paralleled by the ballad-hero.

> ——"Of doleful dumps,
> Who, when his legs were both cut off,
> Still fought upon his stumps."

☞ Some secret drawers were explored in a secretary, at Norwich, Connecticut, the other day, and original papers signed by John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, and other valuable relics of the Revolution, were found.

BROWN'S DANDELION COFFEE.

We commend to the notice of our readers the advertisement of the above coffee, with the assurance that it is only necessary to give it a trial to take the place of all other coffee. The price being only one half the cost of the best Java, or Mocha, independently of its being more wholesome, is an object in the present depressed state of the times. jy26-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday morning, the 30th of July, in St. John's Church, Brandywine village, Del. by the Rev. Chas. Breck, the Rev. Leighton Coleman, to Fanny E. daughter of the late Elexis J. Du Pont.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Shepperd, William Swartz, to Mary E. Montgomery, both of this city.

On the 7th ultimo, by the same, Charles H. Bain, to Elmira Sheets, both of this city.

At the residence of the bride's father, on Sunday, July 21st, 1861, by the Rev. S. Marais, Mr. S. H. De Wolf, to Miss Jeannette, second daughter of Eleazar Isaacs, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. Ezra Lippincott, to Miss Maggie A. Brown, both of Tuckerton, N. J.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Castle, Mr. Richard Tozar, to Miss Mary Greville, both of this city.

On Monday, July 22d, by the Rev. J. F. Berg, Mr. Charles I. Wallace, of this city, to Miss Anna H. Curlis, of Camden, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, Adam Caldwell, in his 60th year.

On the evening of the 30th ultimo, at Camden, N. J. after a short illness, Mrs. Sally A. Hughes, wife of J. Hughes, in her 53d year.

On the battle-field, at Bull's Run, on Sunday, July 21, George H. Sayen, in his 26th year.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 30th ultimo, the Rev. John H. Smaltz, in his 69th year.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. Charlotte S. Hansum, in her 87th year.

At Manchester, England, on Thursday, July 11th, George Wildes, of the firm of A. & S. Henry & Co. in his 63d year.

On the 28th ultimo, at his residence, in Burlington county, N. J., John Wright, a native of Whitney, England, in his 73d year.

At Germantown, on the 29th ultimo, Catharine A. wife of Benj. S. Burling, aged 57 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. Isaac Smith, in his 47th year.

On the 26th ultimo, Margaret Elkins, wife of John Elkins, aged 60 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. Elizabeth F. B. Evans, widow of the late Col. Theodore Evans, in her 65th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, August 3, 1861.

Alabama	— dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	5 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	— dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	25 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	20 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	1½ dis.
Kentucky	2½ dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	20 dis.
Maryland	½ to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	3 dis.	Virginia	15 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	35 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
oct20-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

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Wit and Humor.

ESCULAPIAN HUMOR.

In the city of Quincy, Illinois, quite a number of the most respectable middle-aged humans were recently attacked by the measles, notwithstanding said exanthematic disease ordinarily selects juveniles, as affording the most hopeful field for its cutaneous operations. Among the number thus given over—for a few days at least—to unseemly-looking pustules, or scabies and tepid flax-seed tea, was the well-known and highly esteemed Mr. Robert T——.

Now the eruptive infliction, (and that, too, quite provoking for Mr. T——,) chose to make its unwelcome advent just at a time when one of our most skillful dentists had nearly completed the task "of grubbing, filing, and plugging," preparatory for fitting out the aforesaid T—— with a mouthful of bran new masticators. A day or two after the measles had confined our venerable townsman to his room, a mutual friend of both parties, meeting the jovial good-joke-enjoying Doctor C——, made some inquires in relation to their friend T——'s health.

Assuming a semi-grave and equi-fun-loving, facial expression, the doctor remarked: "Dangerous—extremely dangerous case, sir; will evidently go hard with him; a most critical complication of diseases. Do you know that friend Bob has not only got the measles, but that he is actually *teething* as well!"

ROMANTIC LOVE SCENE.

'Tis past the hour of midnight. The golden god of day, who yesterday drove his emblazoned chariot through the heavens, has ceased shining upon the earth, and a black pall reigns over the lower section of our city. Nought is heard save the distant step of the melancholy bill-poster, as he pursues his homeward way. Suddenly a sound breaks the stillness of the night; it is the sweet voice of Frederick William, calling in plaintive tones upon his beloved Florence Amelia—

"Throw open the lattice, love, and look down upon the casement; for I, your own Frederick, am here."

"What brings thee, love, at this time of night, when all is still and gloomy?"

"I come to offer thee my heart. On my soul I love thee—truly, wildly, passionately love thee. Dost thou reciprocate?"

The maiden blushed as she hesitated.

"Ah!" cried he, and the face of our hero lit up with a sardonic smile, "thou lovest another!"

"No! no! no!" cried Florence.

"Then why not rush to this bosom that is bursting to receive thee?"

"Because," replied the innocent but still trembling damsel, "I'm afraid you're blowin', Bill!"

HOW MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN RULES HER OWN HOUSE.—We find the following in a London paper. Of course it is manufactured out of the whole cloth, but it will do to laugh at. No doubt our English cousins will believe it religiously: The night previous to the meeting of the Convention at Chicago Mr. Lincoln did not get home till eleven o'clock at night. In the morning Mrs. Lincoln, who is of a most amiable disposition, remonstrated with her good man at breakfast. She kindly but firmly informed him that politics were leading him into bad habits—keeping late hours, and drinking about at the rum shops—that she did not like it. She had to sit and keep the children up, and "Now, Abraham, let me tell you that to-night I will go to bed at ten o'clock. If you come home before that hour, well and good; if not, I will not get up and let you in." Ten o'clock came that night, and, true to her word, Mrs. Lincoln went to bed with her children. About an hour later Mr. Lincoln knocked at the door. He knocked once, twice, and even three times, before an upper window was raised, and the night-cap of a female looked out. "Who is there?" "Me." "You know what I told you, Abraham?" "Yes; but, wife, I have got something particular to tell you. Let me in." "I don't want to hear. It is some political stuff." "Wife, it is very important. There is a telegraphic despatch, and I have been nominated for the Presidency." "Oh, Abraham, this is awful. Now, I know you have been drinking. I only suspected it before, and you may just go and sleep where you got your liquor;" and down descended the window with a slam. True enough, the next day confirmed the news that the best anecdote teller of the village had really been nominated to rule over millions.

I KNEW a man who, as a farmer and maltster, had amassed (for him) a good fortune, and who could nevertheless hardly read or write. When he got into quarrels with his neighbors, he used to slap his pocket, and warn his opponent, "You'd better not meddle wi' me, I be pretty respectablish *here*." Riding home from market one day very tipsy, he fell from his horse, and lay helpless in the ditch. There he was heard saying—"Here lies ten thousand pound." But, as if he had not done himself justice, and on second thoughts and further consideration, he added, "Why not say elev'n?"—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

A LIVELY INTEREST FOR THE MEN.—A Cincinnati paper, in speaking of the overthrow of the rebels at Phillippi, says that just before the Federal troops entered the town, a certain Indiana company, almost worn out with the march, were straggling along with very little regard to order. Hurrying up to his men the captain shouted, "Close up, close up! *If the enemy were to fire when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a cussed one of you!* Close up!" And the boys closed up immediately.

☞ "Well, Mr. J——, how did you get through the Fourth?" "Oh, very well, indeed, but it was the 5th that troubled me."

TOO FRESH A TRACK.

"Previous to the breaking out of hostilities at Charleston," a Wisconsin correspondent writes, "we had in our county three companies of United States militia, fully armed and equipped. Upon receiving the requisition of President Lincoln for volunteer troops, the Governor called upon these companies to join the regiment, whereupon they very promptly and unanimously surrendered their arms and equipments back to the State, as did also the officers their commissions. Among them was one Captain Jahns, who had figured largely in times of peace as Chairman of the Military Committee in the Legislature of the State, and in other ways had for eight or ten years been laboring to establish for himself a military reputation. Soon after resigning his commission he was met by Colonel Teall, who very coolly inquired of him 'if the track was getting too fresh?' The Captain not understanding what was meant, the Colonel told him his military career reminded him of a California hunter, who started out with his gun in the morning upon the track of a *grizzly*, and pursued it hard all day. When it became evident he had nearly overtaken his game, he turned aside into a miner's shanty very much excited. The miner inquired what was the matter, as he looked agitated and alarmed. The hunter replied that he had been pursuing a *grizzly all day*, but the *track was getting too fresh*, and he didn't think it safe to follow it any further!"

A FUNNY FALL.—A few nights since Tom Jones went home to his wife in rather a disguised condition. He had drank so often for the success of our volunteers, that he was compelled to eat a handful of cloves to remove the smell of whiskey. While undressing, his wife detected the perfume of the spice, and said, "Good gracious, Tom, how dreadfully you smell of cloves." "Eh?" said Tom, starting; "c-l-o-v-e-s?" "Yes, cloves; any one would think you had been embalmed like a mummy!" This made his wits go wool-gathering. "Phew! you are regularly scented with them. Where have you been to-night?" continued the wife. Tom was thrown entirely off his guard—his brain rambled, and, without the remotest idea of what he was saying, replied, "W-h-y—hic—Clara, the fact is, I have just been on a *little trip to the East Indies, and while I was there I fell over a spice box!*" Then she knew what was the matter.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LAKE OF GIDDEN.

In the island of Rugen, in the Baltic, may be seen the Lake Gidden, the origin of which, according to a popular tradition, was as follows:

There once lived in the island two women, one of whom was charitable and compassionate, and the other hard-hearted and avaricious. One evening, in the midst of a tempest of wind and rain, a poor old man, dressed as a beggar, presented himself at the cottage of the ill-disposed woman, and begged for a bit of bread and a night's lodging. This woman was rich, but for all that she refused to relieve him, and roughly drove him away. The old man next went to the other woman, who was poor. She received him with kindness, and shared with him her last morsel of bread. He passed the night under her roof, and in the morning, on thanking her for her goodness, he said:

"In return for your hospitality, you will, for a whole day, have in abundance whatever you may first take in hand."

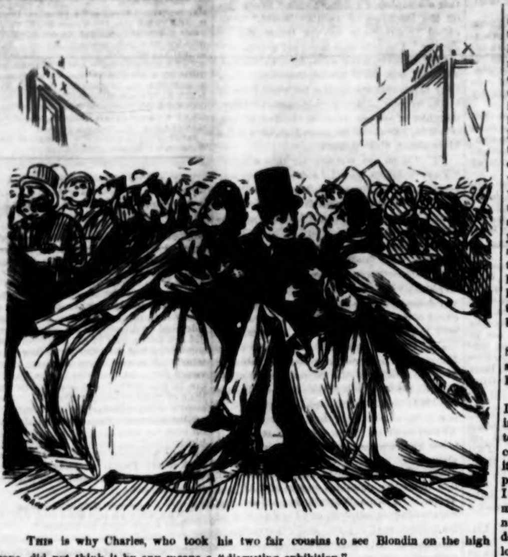
"The woman smiled, taking the speech for a good-natured jest, expressive of the wayfarer's gratitude. After accompanying the old man for a short distance, the woman, on her return home, went to a cupboard for some linen, to make into a shirt for her child. She was aware that of the linen there were but three yards, but when she measured it, she found there were more. She measured off another three yards, but still there was a remnant. She then set to work, and continued to measure off, more and more, while the linen continued to lengthen in proportion. Astonished at the circumstance, she persisted in measuring, till she filled the whole of her cabin, and then her yard, and then she went forth into the fields, holding in her hands the end of the cloth, which still continued to lengthen, spreading itself upon the ground, like so many pathways upon the grass behind her.

At once delighted and surprised, she thus prolonged her work till nightfall. She had become rich. The event soon became known to the neighbors, and among others, to the ill-disposed woman. To the latter it was grievous to have missed such an opportunity for gratifying her covetousness. She now regretted having refused the old man a night's lodging, and with a view to rectify her mistake, and also to gain, possibly, still more than the good woman had done, she sought out the old man, and invited him to her dwelling. He came. Hiding her selfishness under a false appearance of benevolence, she prepared him a soft bed, and regaled him to the best of her power. On the following day the old man thanked her, and going out, said:

"For this day thou wilt have in abundance of whatever thou wilt first take in hand."

Hardly had the old man gone, when the woman, actuated with but one desire, hurried to her money, of which she determined to count out an immense quantity. Fearing, however, lest she might be robbed, she betook herself to a very solitary spot, where she might be unseen of any one. Before beginning to count her money, she wished to wash some coins that had got dirty, and for this purpose, on pouring some water over them, she found that the water would not cease flowing. It flowed and flowed, till herself and her house, and her fields were completely drowned; and it is on that spot where now lies the Lake Gidden.

☞ It is said that a lady bathing at Coney Island was carried away by several undertoes!



THIS is why Charles, who took his two fair cousins to see Blondin on the high rope, did not think it by any means a "disgusting exhibition."

SAVE THE EYES.

Probably every body now reads daily three times as much as he did a year ago. The excitement of the times keeps every one reading the news, or reading to find news. This is not to be deprecated, if it gets the mass into the way of reading more than formerly—provided the habit be turned to good account after the present excitement is over. But we began this item to offer a single hint about saving the eyesight, suggested by a call on a neighbor the other evening. Father, mother, and four children, were around a table reading fine type newspapers by a single central bright light. Every one of them had the paper spread on the table, with the face towards the light—the most uncomfortable, the most unhealthy position that could be chosen, and the very worst one for the eyes. To say nothing of the compression of the chest and lungs, and the curving of the shoulders, the bright light fell directly into the eyes, contracting the pupil unnaturally, and tending to produce weakness and inflammation by the effort required to read with only a few rays entering the eye. The very best position for reading, and the only one that should ever be adopted, is, to sit upright, *with the back or side to the lamp or window, and let the light fall over the shoulder upon the paper or book.* If there are windows on the opposite side of the room, change the position so that the wall or some dark object shall be *in front* of the eyes. The pupil of the eye then expands, and takes in a complete picture of the page or letters. A much smaller light will be required in the position recommended. Dr. Youman suggests the following experiment: "Sit with the face to the light, and turn down the flame until the printed letters become nearly invisible. Now interpose the hand or a book to cut off the rays coming directly to the eye, and the letters will become distinctly visible again." A strict adherence to the simple rule we have set forth, would restore half of the now weak eyes. (The other half would be mostly restored by avoiding a light too weak, and by keeping the system open, that is, free from costiveness, which deteriorates the blood and the system generally.) Book-keepers, watch-makers, mechanics, and at least all who work upon small objects, should so arrange their desks or work-benches that the light shall come in from the side upon their books, or the objects they are at work upon.—*American Agriculturist.*

A PEDAGOGUE'S VIEW OF JUSTICE.—An English paper states that the head schoolmaster at Mountjoy Prison gives a lively and characteristic account of his efforts to give a healthful tone and moral strength to a prisoner's mind when he arrives full of anger, and brings continually his trifling complaints of some petty injustice or other. "And do you want justice?" "Of course I do." "Well, my boy, you are looking for a thing you can't get." He replies that he must get it. The rejoinder is that he might as well be crying for the moon; that there is no justice, strictly so called, to be had in this world; that to get full justice he must wait for the next world, and then possibly it is not full justice, but mercy, he will then be wishing for. The man looks thoughtful and somewhat calmed, and the schoolmaster goes on—"Do you think I get full justice? I never expected it in this world. The most fortunate receive but a small measure of it; the wise are contented to do without what they can't get; the foolish are discontented and cry for it like children for the moon, until they learn better sense." Still further—"Now, did you ever do anything deserving of punishment, and escape?" "Often." "Well, have you ever been punished without deserving it?" "Very seldom." "All right. Now put that and that together, and be satisfied." The man smiles, and the schoolmaster dismisses him with the advice to "put this little bit of injustice in his pocket, and think no more of it."

RED HOT SHOT.—When red hot shot are fired, the ordnance used is elevated to the position desired before the gun is shotted. The powder in the gun is kept from explosion by means of the wadding. Between the explosive substance and the heated mass are generally three layers of wad. That against the ball is dry, the second is wet, and upon the powder another dry piece rests. The ball is discharged very soon after being placed in the cannon.

Agricultural.

TIM BUNKER ON TOP-DRESSING AND FEEDING AFTERMATH.

"Bigger than 'twas last year," said Seth Twiggs, as he looked over into the horse-pond lot where I was mowing this morning.

"I declare it looks like a rye field," said Mr. Spooner, as he measured a head of herds-grass, ten inches long, by a small rule that he carries in his pocket. A mighty accurate man, is Mr. Spooner. I expect he gets in the way of exact speech, studying his sermons, for he makes the joints fit so close, that they won't leak water. When he says ten inches, you may know it ain't a sixteenth short. I should expect to find it a quarter over.

"You see it is up to the Squire's breast, plump four foot high," exclaimed Jake Frink, as he leaned over the wall. "Guess I was the biggest fool in town when I sold that piece of land for a song."

"Not half so big a fool then as you are now, for keeping the better half of your farm as starved as this was three years ago," I replied.

It is curious to see how the minds of some people work. They see no beauty or value in anything until it has passed out of their hands, and begins to show its good points under different treatment. This two-acre lot, that was always a quagmire and an eye-sore to the neighborhood, when Jake owned it, is now a very charming spot, as the grass turns out three tons to the acre. It never paid him the interest on ten dollars an acre. It pays me ten per cent. on three hundred, to say nothing of the satisfaction of turning a swamp into a meadow.

Seth Twiggs is right, about the size of the grass, and yet I have done nothing extra for it this year. To be sure, the season has been more moist, but that hardly accounts for the difference. You see, in draining a piece of wet land, two or more feet deep, you bring a large quantity of surface-soil gradually to the action of the atmosphere, and of the rains and frosts. It undergoes a curing process, and the soil improves, year by year, until the water-line is reached. This is the third crop I have got off this lot since I put the drain down, and each year has been a marked improvement upon the last. I suppose I might cut a second crop if the lot was not so handy for pasturing.

And then I have noticed that it is a good plan to feed and mow alternately. I much prefer to mow a common meadow one year, and pasture the next, than to mow straight along for four or five years, as most farmers do. If a meadow is very rich, like this drained lot, I think it does better to feed the second crop than to mow it. If it produces a ton and a half at the second growth, as I think it will, of course so much is returned to the soil in the manure of the cattle. And then I have another important advantage in the seeds of the clover that are scattered by the cattle. I have noticed that the second growth of clover starts immediately, and as I do not turn in until the last of August, many of the plants, both of the white and red, go to seed, and are scattered before the cattle eat them. I do not believe in feeding late, but leave time for the grass to make a good covering for the roots. As a result of this treatment, I find that clover does not die out the first year as is usual. I have a good deal of clover in fields sown three years ago. Other grasses are benefitted in the same way, and the sod remains thick and strong. I have sometimes thought that the feet of the cattle acted like a roller, pressing the seed into the soil. At any rate, the fact is as stated, and I do not mow any second crop, where I can pasture it. I don't think second mowing pays best.

"Have you got rid of 'em?" asked Jake Frink, as he looked over into Uncle Jotham Sparrowgrass' reclaimed bog.

"Rid of what?" asked Jotham, with feigned astonishment.

"Why, them pesky muskrats, that used to eat up all the outside rows of corn in your field and mine?"

"Haven't seen a muskrat in these parts for well nigh two years. Have seen some corn, though, and occasionally a potato!" said Jotham, with a swing of his cane, that showed he felt as if he was lord of all he surveyed.

He dug over three hundred bushels to the acre there last fall, and the part now planted to that crop, is as handsome as anything I have seen this season. Uncle Jotham manages pretty well for an old style farmer, catching at any improvement with a good deal of eagerness, but stoutly denying that it is new. He has always seen something like it over on the Island, thirty years ago. He has had, this year, in about equal patches, potatoes, corn, oats and clover, upon this deserted domain of frogs and muskrats. The clover was quite too large for good fodder, or would have been, if he had let it grow till the usual time of cutting. But it was cut in June, a thing he would not have thought of, three years ago, and he will have at least two tons at the second cutting, if he does not steal my thunder, and feed it off. But if he does that, he will be sure to state positively that he knew Ben Woodhull, on Long Island, to do the same thing as long ago as when he was a boy.

Coming back to my horse-pond lot, Mr. Spooner had to ask, "What makes that grass so much heavier on the back part of the lot? It is almost another story high."

"Well, you see, thereby hangs a tale. Last year, as soon as I got through mowing that part of the field, say about the tenth of July, I spread on a few loads of compost there, and you can see just where it stopped. The compost was made of pig-pen manure, with muck rather fresh dug. I had a good deal of query in my own mind about the best time of spreading manure on mowing land, and had pretty serious doubts about mid-summer, and feared the loss of ammonia, etc. This don't look as if the manure lost much of its strength. The rest of the piece was top-dressed in March, and it is not near as heavy. I am not prepared to say, exactly, that I think mid-summer is the best time, for I suppose the grass has not got all the strength of the manure put on this spring, and another season, or the after feed this year, may make the case look different. I have no doubt the manure put on last summer acted as a mulch, sheltering the roots of the herds-grass, which suffer extremely, and are often killed by too close cutting. The roots got strong and vigorous during the Fall, made a good mulch for protection during the winter, and started early this spring.

As advised at present, I should *put manure upon any level piece of land, whenever I happened to have it.* I think it will pay better interest on the meadow than in the yard, and accordingly I shall clean up this month, and spread every spare load I have upon the meadows. Cutting a ton of hay to the acre don't liquidate, when you can get three, just as easy, with more manure. Things are looking up notwithstanding the war. Breastworks will be plenty.

Yours to command,
TIMOTHY BUNKER, Esq.
—*American Agriculturist.*

Useful Receipts.

HOOPING COUGH.—The Boston Medical Journal contains an article recommending strong coffee as a specific for hooping cough. A tablespoonful, three times a day, is an average quantity for a child of five or six years, though a child of eighteen months took a half cup daily without any noticeable injurious effect. In one case there was not a single whoop after beginning to take the coffee. Dr. Gibb's work (1854) quotes Dr. Jules Guyott as authority for the use of coffee in this complaint.

TO DESTROY FLIES.—To one pint of milk add a quarter of a pound of raw sugar and two ounces of ground pepper; simmer them together eight or ten minutes, and place it about in shallow dishes. The flies attack it greedily, and are soon suffocated. By this method kitchens, etc., may be kept clear of flies all summer, without the danger attending poison.

HINTS TO MEDICINE TAKERS.—If any persons who are obliged to take offensive medicine would first take a bit of alum into the mouth, they could then take the medicine with as much ease as though it were as much sugar.

SOLDIERS' FEET IN MARCHING.—A correspondent sends the following receipt for making an excellent composition for anointing the feet of soldiers during long marches:—Take equal parts of gum camphor, olive oil and pure beeswax, and mix them together, warm until they are united and become a salve. At night wash the feet well, dry them, then apply this salve, and put on clean stockings, and sleep with them on. Next day the feet will be in excellent train for marching.—Our correspondent proved the great value of this receipt in a journey across the plains to California in 18[illegible].—*Scientific American.*

TO FRICASEE CORN.—Cut green corn off the cob; put it in a pot, and just cover it with water; let it boil one-half hour; mix a spoonful of flour with one-half pint of rich milk, pepper, salt, parsley, thyme, and a piece of butter; let it boil a few minutes, and take it up in a deep dish. Corn will do to cook in this way when too old to boil on the cob.

TO BAKE TOMATOES.—Take out the inside of large tomatoes, make a stuffing of bread, butter, pepper, salt and an egg; fill them with this, and set them in a deep pie-plate; let them bake slowly one-half hour.

TOMATOES.—If you wish to bake tomatoes in the oven with bread, pour boiling water on, and skin them; cut them in small pieces; season with salt and pepper, and put them in a pan with crumbs of bread and butter; cover the pan with a plate, and bake three-quarters of an hour; when done, mash them and take them out on a dish.

TO FRY TOMATOES.—Slice them, season with pepper and salt, and fry in hot butter; if they are green, dip them in flour after being seasoned.

☞ If a man is dissipated, his fortune will probably soon be so too.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.
My 18, 40, is a pronoun.
My 33, 4, is an intransitive verb.
My 31, 9, 25, 39, 14, 16, is an adverb.
My 28, 30, is a preposition.
My 13, 6, 43, 37, 42, is a verb.
My 41, 17, is a preposition.
My 20, 36, 22, 8, 26, is a noun.
My 7, 24, 38, 19, is an adverb.
My 2, 12, is a preposition.
My 5, 32, is an intransitive verb.
My 3, 44, 35, 21, 10, 15, 28, 11, is an objective.
My 1, 39, is a preposition.
My 27, 34, 45, is a noun.
My whole should be impressed on the mind of the young. "RELTUB."

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 6, 12, 9, 14, 5, 16, is a French general
My 9, 3, 15, 16, 4, 16, 20, is a Roman general.
My 11, 5, 9, 18, 12, 4, 19, is an English King.
My 6, 5, 2, 12, 13, 8, 10, is a Prophet.
My 17, 7, 14, 4, 5, 18, 19, is a French poet.
My 20, 5, 16, 4, is a Hebrew King.
My 20, 12, 6, 13, 14, 9, 20, is an American General.
My 19, 5, 15, 12, 7, 3, 18, 1, is a French King.
My whole is the name of a military company.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When my first stays long away,
It always is a welcome sight;
But when 'tis seen day after day,
It is a source of no delight.

When conflicts wage, and foe with foe
Together strive with strength and skill,
My second is used, it lays men low,
Whene'er its task it doth fulfill.

Some summer's day you idly stand,
And have my whole in fairest view;
Few scenes are more sublime and grand,
Than what it then presents to you.

Bequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in man but not in boy,
My 2nd is in plaything but not in toy,
My 3rd is in cat but not in dog,
My 4th is in mist but not in fog.
My whole is in the east you will find,
Now guess it, reader, if you have a mind.

Newport, R. I. ED. NEWTON.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY S. S. LAIRD.

Is the prince of the muses.
Signifies a light yellow color.
Signifies an offering.
Signifies a young lion.
Is not well.
Is a lake in Africa.
Is a cape of Asia.
Is a river in South America.
Is a group in the Mediterranean.
Is a division of Italy.
My initials form the name of a great man. My finals place of birth.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Great helps.
Golden land.
A nice pet.
It is charity.
Got as a clue.
To love ruin.

WM. T. TOTTEN.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The greatest square that can be inscribed in a certain right angled triangle measures 12 feet on a side, and the hypothenuse thereof measures 16 feet longer than the perpendicular. Required—The sides of the triangle?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A has B's note of hand for $10,000, payable 9[illegible] days hence, allowing a discount of 6 per cent. per annum. Require its equivalent value in ready money, and discount; and what its present value and discount at bank; likewise its equivalent interest for the same time and rate per cent. per annum? R. T. M. K.

Pleasant Dale.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a stove an agreeable affair in summer? Ans.—Because at either season it is always grateful when coaled.

☞ Why is B like a hot fire? Ans.—Because it makes oil boil.

☞ Why do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a *field* for the place of action? Ans.—For the purpose of allowing the ball to *graze.*

☞ Why are hoops like church towers? Ans.—They surround the bells (belles.)

☞ Why was Adam the best runner that ever lived? Ans.—Because he was the first in the human race.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"Let virtue, goodness, truth, be thy first, thy earliest aim." RIDDLE.—A pair of boots or shoes. TRANSPOSITION.—Dream.

Answer to Problem by Rollin Smith, published June 8th. 114.0444.976 glasses each.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.—When you are world-weary and soul-sick, *talk with a little child.* As the clear, trusting *eye* is lifted to yours, a thought of the immeasurable distance you have blindly travelled from that sweet *trust* to your present atheism, will touch the world-frozen fountain of your tears; and just as the little head, unquestioning and confiding, leans upon *your breast*, so will you yearn instinctively for the All Father, whose loving arms are our best and safest shelter. That man or woman must indeed be past redemption, whom "The little one in the midst" cannot bring nearer heaven.

☞ The soldier's pillow—His nap-sack.